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APRIL 7, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

REPORT FROM AFRICA: The Truth about Angola
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THE BUILDUP

CAN THEY DO IT IN TIME?

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BURNHAM ON POLITICAL SENTIMENT IN THE MIDWEST ♦ BUCKLEY ON WIRTZ' NEWEST APPROACH TO UNEMPLOYMENT ♦ A COMMUNIST FIZZLE IN BRAZIL ♦ & WHAT LIFE AMONG THE LIBS IS LIKE

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc., at 163 Pratt St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.).

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All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: $16.00 a year ($9.00 for the 36-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

In This Issue . . .

➔ the dreadnought of the *Indianapolis News,* **M. Stanton Evans,** writes about two interesting Americans, one of them dead, the other nudging forward toward the Presidency of the United States. Nobody knows very much about Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania, which is of course why he is so very popular with those who cannot stand the prospect of giving the Republican nomination to a man of settled political convictions. As the nation is being prepared to honor Mr. Scranton, the historians are busy defaming those dead who were conspicuous for their political courage. Mr. Evans examines the recent biography of James Forrestal, which seeks to motivate his anti-Communism in psychoanalytical terms. . . . Whether the demonstrations against a Communist labor congress in Brazil recently were all that spontaneous or not, says **Robert Peter,** nevertheless there were no demonstrations *for* the congress; so there may be time yet to save Brazil—a little time yet. . . . Dr. **Susan Buck** taught geography at Hunter College until she was caught in the act of questioning the Liberal Catechism, a transgression of Academic Freedom which cost her her job. She now works for X, Inc. (name withheld to protect the innocent), with a good humor that won't surprise you, after you have read her account, here, of survival techniques in the concentration campus. . . . **James Burnham** is motoring through the Midwest in search of American politics, which, he says, out in the corn country, tends to reduce to problems of the market for stock (both corn-fed and corporate). . . . Prof. **Thomas Molnar,** recently in Angola, sends in a sympathetic but unsentimental report on that colony.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** takes note of Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz's proposal that the public schools be used as dumping grounds, in effect, for unemployable youngsters, finds the Wirtz proposal unemployable, and offers an alternative that nobody seems to have thought of (maybe because it wouldn't require a new federal agency). . . . **Cato** analyzes the political strategy that Lyndon Johnson is counting on to keep himself in the White House, and concludes with a hint that the Senate, when it comes to voting on the civil rights bill, may place other values above even the noble goal of re-electing LBJ.

➔ The always perceptive **Guy Davenport** traces the Gothic Tale back to the Creation, arguing from two recent novels back through an 1808 four-door Goethe mobile, and on back to the Devil, and what he did for idle hands in the dawn of life. . . . Prof. **A. James Gregor** of the University of Hawaii reviews *The Geography of Intellect,* by Nathaniel Weyl and Stefan Possony, and finds it a useful, and necessarily cautious, work. . . . And Canada's foremost drama critic, Mr. **Nathan Cohen** of the *Toronto Star,* drags Arthur Miller's *After the Fall* out of the darkened theater into the light of day, where, not so strange to say, it simply vanishes. ➔

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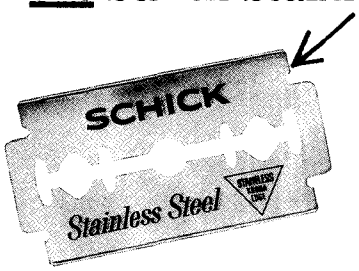

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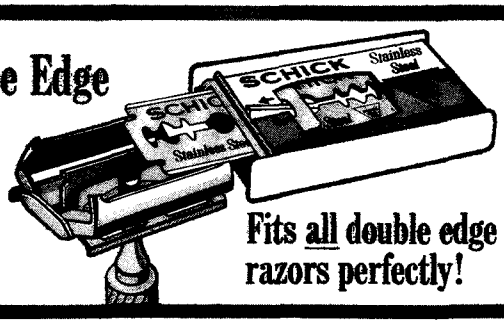

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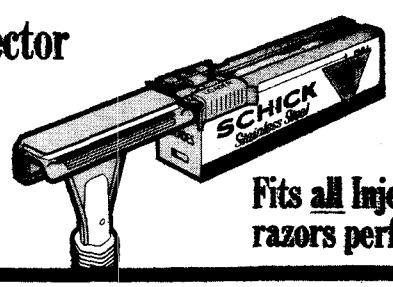

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The WEEK

● Mathematics 10ab. Quiz. The Soviet Union has announced that it will return the American fliers it has illegally detained, and President Johnson has announced that the way is accordingly open to more ardent relations between the two powers. Problem. Plot the episode on a graph, and extrapolate.

● Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman has seen Paree. He wrote this year's major farm legislation as a cotton bill. It passed the House and moved to the Senate. In the Senate, a wheat bill was tacked on. It passed the Senate and moved to the House. Adroitly, Freeman has avoided extensive hearings on wheat legislation in the House Agriculture Committee, where the obvious objection would have been raised that the Administration proposals were substantially the same as those rejected by farmers in last May's wheat referendum. You can, however, teach an old dog new tricks. Freeman's certificate plan is voluntary this time. Those wheat farmers who choose not to participate are free to collect the Or Else: 70¢ per bushel penalty. On the other hand, those who do choose to collect the subsidy may pass it along to the consumer as a processing tax. (Or "bread tax," for those who think in terms of the War on Poverty.) The wheat legislation seems a good bet to pass, because the cotton people are for it. The cotton part of the bill provides high price supports, which price American cotton out of the world market, which requires a subsidy to cotton exporters, which prices American textile mills out of the world market, which requires a subsidy to American textile mills.

● The War on Poverty is a spook. We're told there are 9.2 million families getting less than $3,000 a year, and therefore poor. But two million non-farm families getting less than $3,000 own their homes free of debt, and 1.4 million farm families getting less than $3,000 enjoy non-money income in the form of the food they raise. Government statistics indicate that the average personal income of families with $3,000 or less of money income is—actually $4,000, which ain't bad. When you add in the retired people, whose families are small, whose debts are paid, and whose wants are modest; and add in the million families of enlisted men who earn $100 a month but get food, shelter, clothing, medical care, and vacation travel at government expense—it looks as if Pres. Johnson has exaggerated by a factor of three at least. But he's after votes and pork barreling, not sanity. It would be more to the point to 1) ask for a rise in the personal income tax exemption, and 2) ask that the Social Security law be changed so that retired people who earn a little on the side aren't docked by the same amount in their federal checks.

● Now get this: the House turned down a $505 million pay raise for federal employees, including members of Congress, on the grounds of economy. So the House is considering a $500 million pay raise for federal employees, excluding members of Congress, on the grounds of economy. There are about two million federal employees. There are 535 members of Congress. It is an election year. Why don't we just make bobbybakerism legal, and cut all federal pay to zero?

● An Illinois FEPC examiner has recommended that the full commission bar employers from administering aptitude tests to job candidates. Grounds? Such tests are "discriminatory." Indubitably. What could be more discriminatory than an objective test to determine the relative ability of two prospective employees? The recommendation has aroused interest in Title VII of the civil rights bill, which proposes to establish a federal FEPC to govern national employment practices. In businesses with 25 or more employees, all personnel decisions—hiring, firing, promotion, demotion, as well as union membership requirements and seniority rights—would become subject to federal scrutiny. Employers or labor leaders charged with "discriminating"—and that term is self-inflating, for it is nowhere defined in the bill—*could be subpenaed and tried by FEPC Commissioners.* Our reading of the bill indicates that a) a divinity school may refuse to hire an atheist charwoman, certainly if she is of the same race, national origin, and sex as the majority of the school's employees and b) a pizza palace need not employ a Communist pie-cutter, certainly if he is not of Italian descent. However, the Harlem Globetrotters might be compelled to include a white boy in the starting line-up.

● The State Department's purge of the real security risks, which began with the firing of Otto Otepka—*who actually passed secret State Department files to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee,* it is said—is now complete. State has kicked out the last six hard anti-Communists on its security staff, in instant retaliation for congressional criticisms of State's security procedures. It all started when Guy Richards of the *New York Journal American* broke a red-hot story that Lt. Colonel Michael Goleniewski, a defector from the Soviet secret police, who was being kept under wraps by the CIA presumably at the request of the State Department, had told Rep.

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Feighan (D., O.) what he knew about spies and subversives on the government payroll, which was considerable, and worse, which corroborated what others had revealed about spies and subversives on the government payroll. Feighan and his colleague John Ashbrook (R., O.) raised hell about it and State promptly transferred out the six remaining members of the security staff assembled by the late Scott McLeod—who had, with his staff, compiled a list of 847 security risks in 1957 who may to this day be on the payroll of the State Department and may include some of the people Lt. Col. Michael Goleniewski has in mind.

● Coin collectors and crafty investors have snapped up the total U.S. supply of silver dollars. A few years ago the Treasury had 390 million silver dollars in its vaults (none has been minted since 1935). A year ago it had 90 million. Three months ago, 28 million. Two weeks ago, 13 million. A week ago, 9 million. Soon the Treasury will have to redeem its silver certificates (outstanding: a couple of billion in small-denomination bills) in bullion pellets, not dollar coins. But the Treasury has already been dipping into its bullion reserves to keep the market price of silver down to $1.30 an ounce. The new demand may hasten the day when the Treasury simply runs out of silver. Some observers think the moment of truth isn't more than three years away. Meanwhile, be sure to hang on to your silver dollars: they're worth more than face value in the metal market right now.

● ON KEEPING IT ON A GENTLEMANLY PLANE, OR HOW NEW LAWS ARE MADE IN REVOLUTIONARY ZANZIBAR—Land Reform Ordinance of March 21, 1964. If the President decrees that it is in the nation's interest to acquire a piece of property, and if the President decides it will not cause undue hardship to the owner of said property to relinquish it without compensation, then said property owner will be notified of same and, upon notification, will be required to transfer the property and any title documents to the director of Land Reform.

● A reader suggests a simple three-step solution to the Cyprus problem: 1) Expel Cyprus from the United Nations, because patently it is not a nation and there are no Cypriots, only Greeks and Turks. 2) Partition the island into two zones. 3) Put up a wall between them and ask Russia, which has the know-how, to build it.

● Bitter humor from behind the Wall. East German dictator Walter Ulbricht dies and tries to get into Heaven. St. Peter angrily closes the Golden Gates in his face and tells him to go to Hell. Three nights later, a desperate ringing at the front door awakens St. Peter. It's the Devil, in tears. "Please, St. Peter," he says, "please let me in. I am asking for political asylum."

● *The Conservative Papers* is out from Anchor Books, hot to promote a "conservative-liberal debate in the dignified and solid terms in which such a confrontation should be couched." A remarkably concise, de-ideologized collection, it does so, in a volume thinner by half than its paperback competitor, *The Liberal Papers*. Charles Malik, Henry Kissinger and others blow away the frothy head of our foreign non-policy, permitting a brief glimpse of the ghostly bottom. Milton Friedman, Edward Chamberlin and others reaffirm the interdependence of economic and political freedom and, derivatively, policy. Two unreconstructed noncomformists, Edward Teller and Harry Jaffa, invade two sanctuaries of unreason: nuclear policy and civil liberties. *The Conservative Papers* advances the cogent election-year presentation of America's Alternative begun by Frank Meyer's symposium (reviewed *NR*, March 24, 1964), *What is Conservatism?*

● We will not suggest for a moment that Dr. Arthur Schlesinger's replacement, Professor Eric F. Goldman —who will, as the *Times* put it, "bring new ideas into the White House from wherever he can find them"— will not blend with perfect harmony into the ideological color-scheme of the White House. But he had an ominous boyhood. In the August 1933 *National Republic*, subtitled "A Magazine of Fundamental Americanism," who else but Eric F. Goldman, "Student of City College of New York, Washington and Lee University, and Johns Hopkins University," wrote a piece called "Sinister Forces on Campus." In which the sinister forces were, it pains us to report, those radicals: "A few of them call themselves Socialists and vote for the draft-skipper, Norman Thomas," he wrote; "some others more frankly support the Foster-Ford ticket of the Communists; and those who have yet adopted no particular affiliation merely spend their time sneering at the flag, disparaging distinguished American historical figures, and mocking those who would preserve the heritage of our country intact." And on and on, like *that*. Needless to say, Professor Goldman has long since renounced every trace of his patriotic indiscretions.

● *A rough paraphrase of President Johnson's speech to the OAS.* Friends: good neighbors: officials of the Organization of American States: I was not elected President of the United States in order to preside over the sovereignty of Panama. I, therefore, in my capacity as spokesman for the Free World, proclaim that no man is an isthmus unto himself. As

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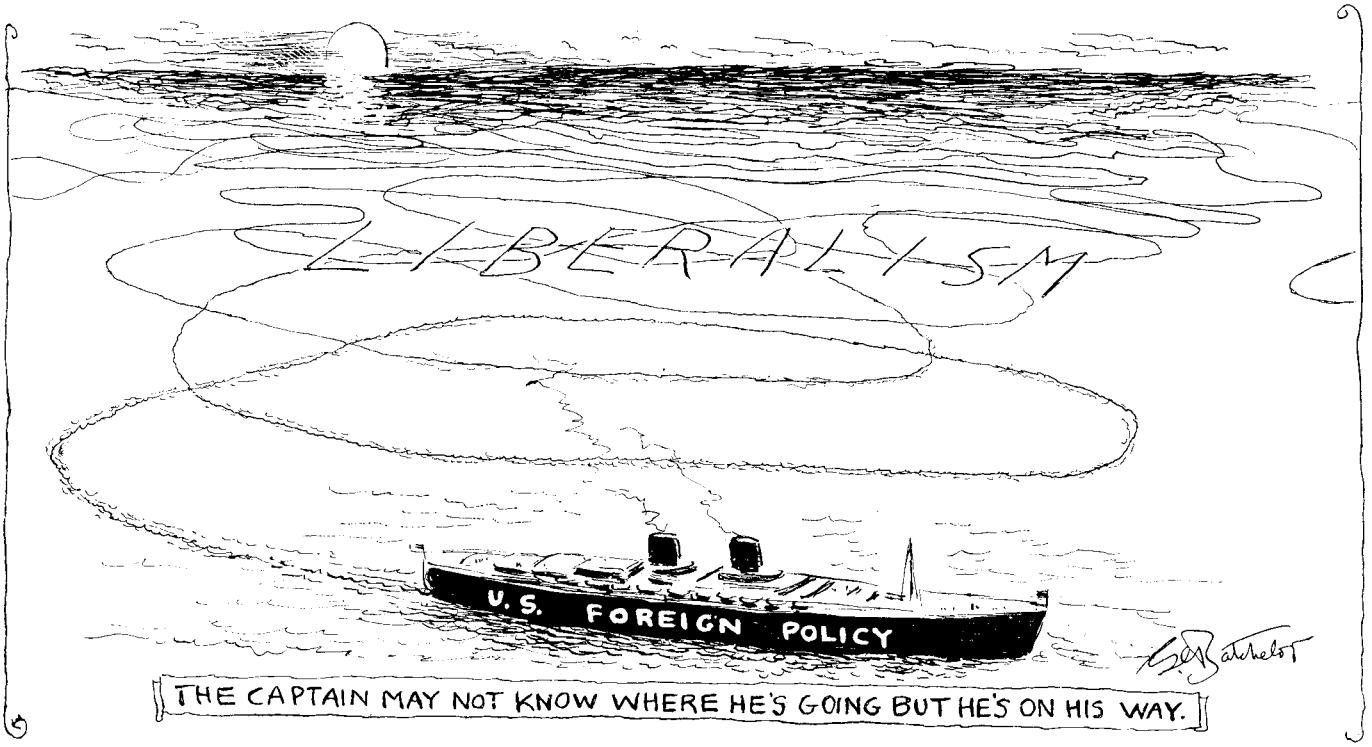
Bismarck once said *"Ich bin ein Berliner,"* so I now say to you, every citizen of the United States, every citizen of the great nation of Panama, is a citizen of the Western Hemisphere, and ultimately a member of the human race. We seek justice. We seek peace. We are patient. The great inspiring partnership of the Western Hemisphere rests on the foundation laid by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Harold Ickes, Bobby Baker, and my good friend Harry Truman. In this spirit of noble bipartisanship we shall work to make the Panama Canal a truly effective instrument of social justice, and an inspiring example of the results that can be attained when reasonable men reason together. Now let's forget the Alamo, and work together for the Alianza.

Black Madness

What the respectable papers call "antisegregation demonstrations" have broken out again, and with renewed force. In Birmingham, where the NAACP had led a drive against hotels, restaurants and theaters, a wave of rioting left one person dead, a score or more injured; in Atlanta, crowds fought with rocks and bottles outside a SNCC-picketed café. In some other places, laws, rather than skulls, were being broken, but with such systematized zeal and circusy ingenuity that "civil disobedience" achieves new stature as a performing art. In New York, CORE protests slum conditions by strewing garbage across the Triborough Bridge at rush hour. In San Francisco, the Sheraton-Palace Hotel becomes the scene of a noisy, night-long vaudeville sponsored by the Ad Hoc Committee to End Discrimination (run by Marxists of the W.E.B. DuBois stripe) and featuring party-line folksinger Malvina Reynolds (see *NR*, March 24).

In almost every case the mess and the pother have resulted from direct action taken by the new wave of young Negro "militants," and no one resents this more than old-wave white liberators with spotless records on race relations. Especially do they resent it when new-wave operations expose malfunctions in the legislative nervous system—when, because of the avidity of Negro leaders like New York's Milton Galamison and Bayard Rustin, Mississippi's Eastland can draw blood from New York's Keating and Javits, as he did in the Senate last week. What Eastland did, woundingly enough, was to point out that, while adherents of the pending civil rights bill had taken care to ensure that its passage would not affect the *de facto* segregation that Messrs. Galamison and Rustin complain of in the North, it would affect—is expressly designed to affect—the *de jure* segregation of the South, and that only. And of course, the more dust that is raised by Negro militants in the North—or in the West, or any place but in the South we all know and hate—the more relentlessly can the Eastlands press their logical distinctions, and the harder will it be for Liberal entreaties to overcome the now all but inflamed resistance of the white population at large. The Negro "hards" may be a scandal to constitutional government and a bore to high Heaven; but to the Liberals nothing is worse than that they are an embarrassment.



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Focus on NOV. 3

◆ Now that the game is well under way, this column will keep you posted, regularly, on the hunt for delegates to the GOP Convention. As of now the leader is Goldwater, with 69 pledged (North Carolina 25; Oklahoma 22; South Carolina 16; Tennessee 4; Kansas 2). Lodge is second, with New Hampshire's 14. All other hopefuls have a total of zero.

◆ The endorsement of Goldwater by the California Republican Assembly, by a margin variously estimated at nine-to-one or better, brought screams from the Liberals. As for the Rockefeller forces, "the rules were on their side," conceded columnist Doris Fleeson, a close friend of ultra-Liberal Fred Hall, the *éminence grise* of the CRA Liberals. As to the charge that Goldwater forces "stole" the vote after the Rockefeller forces walked out, look at the arithmetic: there were 616 uncontested delegates to the convention; exactly 78 Rockefeller delegates walked out; one news report states that six delegates stood up for Rockefeller and the rest were for Goldwater; and, after an official count was requested, the chair refused.

◆ The first of four big rallies around the country, organized by National Youth for Goldwater, will take place on April 10 at the International Amphitheater in Chicago. The main speaker will be Goldwater; some 10,000 seats have already been spoken for; and the rally may have an effect on the Illinois primary, to be held four days later (see "Letter from the Prairies"), in which the Liberal Percy, and conservative Scott, face each other. Percy is credited with having had a hand in swinging the 1960 GOP platform towards the gelatinous middle; and Illinois conservatives can't forget Percy's vice-chairmanship of the 1960 Conference on World Tensions, which called for a $3 billion increase in foreign aid by the U.S., urged that the UN control that aid, and called on the U.S. to have faith in the good intentions of the Communist bloc. The *Chicago Sun Times* and *Tribune; Newsweek; Time;* the *New York Times;* and other publications have listed Percy as a Liberal. Nevertheless, Percy has mounted a vigorous campaign to prove he's as conservative as State Treasurer William Scott.

◆ Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton is quietly organizing a "spontaneous" write-in campaign in the Pennsylvania GOP primary. Scranton figures that if the word got out, the Goldwater legions might do the same. The word is out; and there will be something of the same, from the other side.

◆ Gleanings. One poll of Democratic voters shows Bobby Kennedy as the big Veep favorite—save in the South, and in rural areas outside the South . . . Tickets to the California Republican Assembly dinner honoring Senator Goldwater were all bought up, early, and traded hands at scalpers' prices when the dinner gong sounded: and the memory of California Man runneth not back to the like. . . . Nelson Rockefeller figures that if he can swing 20,000 Negroes in California from Democrat to Rockefeller, he'll get the delegation. . . . All of Washington is smiling at LBJ's assertion that bobbybaker wasn't his "protégé." . . . Rockefeller's political death seems sealed by reports of open rejection in N.Y. State delegation seats and virtual rejection in his home county, Westchester. . . . Edward Meany Jr., a conservative Harvard Republican, campaigning astutely for the GOP nomination against Reutherist Senator Philip Hart (D., Mich.), has nine lovely daughters, and is active in the Boy Scouts. As we said, he's astute.

Illinois vs. Oliver

The trustees of the University of Illinois have voted *not* to dismiss Professor Revilo Oliver for his (silly) article in *American Opinion* on the assassination of President Kennedy. The whole episode, of course, was a ritual, the principal purpose of which was to draw public attention to the University's repudiation of Professor Oliver's views. There never was any serious question of firing Professor Oliver, which after all would have been not only to violate formally the kind of academic freedom the University says it believes in, but to deprive students at the University of Illinois of the services of one of the world's most distinguished classicists, who don't grow on trees, you know. The University felt it had to do something spectacular, and sure enough what it did was sufficiently spectacular to warrant the *New York Times'* sending a man out there to cover the entire proceedings. The trustees issued a turgid and pompous report (they would have been wise to enlist the syntactical services of Mr. Oliver to put their thoughts into English), the net meaning of which was to create a sort of sub-species of academic freedom. Leaving aside those passages in which the trustees praised themselves, their courage, and their high-mindedness, what the report amounted to was a vote of censure against Professor Oliver. So that a professor at Illinois now has not a) freedom to write what he wants to without being censured by the University of Illinois; but b) freedom to write what he wants to, subject to censure by the University of Illinois. And what you and I are to suppose is that there is no difference between a) and b).

It remains, of course, to be seen whether the New Academic Freedom goes into hiding the next time a professor at the University of Illinois joins a Communist front, or writes a Communist apologetic. In which case we will have seen not the birth of a significant distinction in the theoretical formulation of academic freedom, but just a plain old Bill of Attainder against Professor Revilo P. Oliver.

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Professor Oliver could no doubt furnish a number of classical examples of that sort of thing. As unfinished students of the Professor, we would be satisfied merely to refer to the whole business as a *locus classicus*.

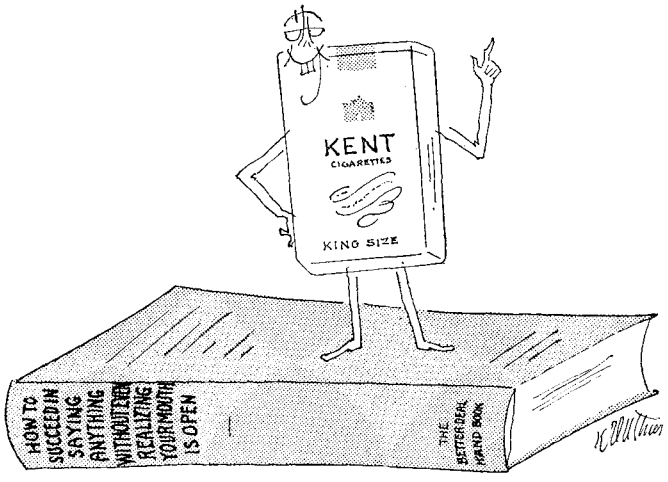
The Plot to Clear Lee Oswald

. . . is beginning to look much more like a plot, than any alleged plot to kill John Kennedy. The Communist Party is obviously (see "Warren's Secret" below) interested in clearing Oswald. But so is the non-Communist Left, and the more-or-less non-Communist Left, for fearfully intricate reasons that go to the root of the leftist psyche. No time here for etiological analysis. But the most recent symptoms are a rash of articles challenging the guilt of Oswald in: the *New Republic* ("The Seeds of Doubt" by Jack Minnis and Staughton Lind); the *Spectator* ("The Riddle of Dallas" by Mordecai Breinberg); *Commentary* ("The Oswald Affair" by Léo Sauvage); and, most notably, *L'Express* ("A Report on the Assassination" by Thomas Buchanan).

We say most notably, because *L'Express*'s Buchanan comes right out and says that Oswald didn't do it, and that Dallas policemen were certainly involved.

Buchanan, whose thesis is the talk of Europe, is introduced by *L'Express* as a "mathematician" and a "computer programmer," which is true enough.

But much more that is true, and much much more that is relevant about Buchanan was *not* published by *L'Express*, and may not for all we know be known to *L'Express*. We have, by doing a little digging, established that three persons, shown Buchanan's picture in *L'Express*, say they knew him as a member of the Party in 1948. At that time he was fired from the *Washington Star* after confessing his Party affiliation. In 1956, he claims to have given up the Party—more or less, one gathers from his statement, out of ennui. But he has not stopped looking for fascist plots, and selling them to gullible Liberals. The Warren Commission, when it is through with its examination, might consider the plot to clear Lee Oswald.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Warren's Secret

We make it a point to ask those we meet who are concerned with the investigation by the Warren Commission into the death of President Kennedy: What can Mr. Warren have had in mind when he uttered those resonant words a month ago, that in our lifetime we shall not know some of the things the Commission has learned about the assassination? There is no common guess. Different people give widely different guesses. The Chief Justice has given no satisfactory explanation for his enigmatic and provocative statement. But what an effect it has had! In Europe, it serves as the cornerstone of the Faith in the religion that holds that the assassination was not simply the aberrational act of a lone killer, but rather a collective endeavor.

We have heard many versions of what Warren might have had in mind. Some are inherently preposterous (*e.g.*, "It was a plot of the Dallas Police Department, and America is trying to save face by burying the story"); some heavily technical ("The security arrangements were loused up. The Secret Service knew all about Oswald, but neglected to run him in, and we dare not confess to this terrible act of negligence"); some churlish ("Warren had in mind disgraceful behavior by members of the Presidential party in the motorcade . . .").

One answer from a former member of the Central Intelligence Agency strikes us as plausible enough to merit being passed along. Our friend, who has been intensively schooled in the practices of espionage and counterespionage, reasons as follows:

Oswald, as everybody knows, had spent many months in the Soviet Union, and not because he liked the landscape there, but because he had declared himself in essential sympathy with Communism. Granted, in due course he tired of life in Minsk; but he never renounced his philosophical fidelity to Communism, and it is clear from his behavior on his return to this country, where he took several opportunities to espouse the cause of Castro's Cuba, that his political allegiance had not changed. He did not, in other words, apparently leave Russia because of any conversion away from Communism.

That being the case, our friend said, the chances

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE UNITED NATIONS
by Gerhart Niemeyer

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER reviews
SUICIDE OF THE WEST

are overwhelming that before he left Russia the Soviet Union had recruited him as an agent.

It is important to understand just what this means. The recruitment of agents does not presuppose that one has in mind the execution of any particular act by that agent. It is often a purely routine matter. A secret service, spotting a man sympathetic to its government who is about to emigrate to the enemy country, will enter into a loose arrangement with him, redeemable at some future moment, when and if a suitable occasion should arise. The Soviet Union might very well have recruited Oswald as an agent—in the sense of arriving at an understanding with him that if the contingency should arise when he might be found to be especially useful, in some connection or other, the secret service would get in touch with him.

There are thousands such persons in America, who have come in from the Iron Curtain; and there are a number such who have left the United States to live in Russia, though to be sure far fewer, since the heavy traffic is in one direction.

Consider, now, the event of November 22, 1963. Kennedy shot dead, and Oswald apprehended. The Soviet secret police search their records and find that in fact Oswald had been recruited as a secret agent. Suppose, further, that the Soviet Government had knowledge that United States counterespionage forces had penetrated the arrangement, and knew that Oswald had been formally recruited; or that, if the U.S. Government did not already know about the contract, they might very well, in the heat of the investigation, find out about it imminently.

If we assume, as we most decidedly do, that the Soviet secret service did not give Oswald orders to kill the President, one can imagine the consternation in the Kremlin on the morrow of November 22. Suppose their routine arrangement with Oswald were to become public knowledge! Imagine the public uproar in the United States, and all those bristling atomic bombs! Might not Khrushchev have communicated immediately with the new President to say: We confess we had Oswald as a stringer, but so help us, we gave him no order to assassinate the President of the United States. Johnson, almost surely, would have responded gratefully (why should he desire to initiate his tenure with an apocalyptic confrontation with the Soviet Union as defendant in an act of magnicide?)—and nervously (how profoundly important to keep away from the inflammable imagination of the American people, details of the formal connection between Oswald and the Kremlin!).

That, the hypothesis is, is what Warren had in mind, when he spoke of the necessity that the American people wait a generation or so before they are told the background of the assassination. But Mr. Warren, of course, put his foot in his mouth. Because for all his authority, he does not have the power to say to the people about his own careless remark: Strike that from the record. The people heard it the first time, and in Europe, at any rate, they are running to the circus with it.

It occurs to us that Mr. Warren's remark that the people will not know in their lifetime the meaning of Kennedy's assassination, is consistent with Mr. Warren's position about the meaning of the United States Constitution. Certainly we shall not know during *his* lifetime what it means.

Notes and Asides

We have been beset by mail from the heart-stricken who, after reading the Letters Column in the last issue, assume that Editor Frank Meyer has gone over to the enemy. Take heart. Our Mr. Frank Meyer of Woodstock, New York, is not the Mr. Frank Meyers of Newark, N.J., not even no kin. No, that's not right: not even kin. For those who have no idea what we are talking about, having failed to read, or recall, the letter of Mr. Meyers in the last issue, we offer a special bargain: a copy of the said issue, with scatological marginalia by *our* Mr. Frank Meyer, for five dollars per copy. The supply is limited.

Most of our readers have received a letter, giving the embarrassing details of NATIONAL REVIEW's indigence, and many have generously responded. In that letter we promised to report, by April 1st, whether the prospects were good for our continuing publication. The time has come, and the answer is: we expect to survive. The phrase is cautious only out of necessity. Some of our readers are as dilatory as most of our writers, and make a mental resolve to contribute to the NATIONAL REVIEW Fund Appeal which they redeem in their own good time, and God bless them for the thought, and doubly for the deed. If we can count on as many post-April 1 contributions as we had last year, and the year before, and there is no reason we can think of why we cannot, then we can say: we are with you, thanks to you, for another year.

We take the opportunity to note the extraordinary

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publicity that has been given to our fund appeal. Some references have been sympathetic. Others have not been, notably a feature article published on the front page of the *Washington Star,* the author of which could not have sounded happier if he had published the report that tuberculosis was running out of germs. We sometimes wonder why some of the gentlemen of the press are so much more interested in our economic embarrassments than they are in those of our colleagues among the journals of opinion, most of whom issue yearly appeals every bit as lachrymose as our own, which go unnoticed by the press if not, alas, by their readers. The morbidity is selective. But this is not the moment for recrimination. It is Eastertide, and we are alive, and thank our friends, for their support, and for their prayers.

On the Right

The Wirtz Proposal

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz has a new scheme. You may recall that a couple of months ago he proposed to lick the problem of unemployment by forcing employers to pay double-time instead of time-and-a-half for overtime. (WW's logic: employers, rather than pay such high prices for overtime, will reach for fresh workers out of the unemployment pool. Free Market's logic: you cannot cause an increase in business by raising the price of doing business.)

Buckley

The new idea is to keep young people away from the labor market by the simple expedient of making them go to school longer. Specifically, Mr. Wirtz would require all students to stay in school not until they are sixteen, which is the age at which, under most state laws, they now quit: but until they are eighteen. That, he says, would remove two million teenagers from the overburdened labor market and, moreover, give them the kind of education which would make them highly employable when they finally do get out of school.

Mr. Wirtz's proposal is bad economics, and very bad educational theory. Once again, you do not create jobs by adding the cost of educating two million additional persons per year to the national overhead. Increasingly, our schools are being used as dumping grounds for a swollen population. Earnest scholars are already convinced that in all probability too many people are going to college today, not too few. Granted, it would be ideal if everyone had and could profit from a college education —and it would be ideal if everyone read Shakespeare for pleasure and edification. But the glum and sticky fact is: not everyone does. And not everyone a) can absorb, or b) wants to absorb a higher education.

The true enemy of those who do not go to college is not so much a system which makes college life expensive, and so inaccessible to very poor students: but the snobbery of those employers who refuse to give Sally Jones a job as a salesgirl unless she can produce a college degree. What happens, of course, is that Mr. and Mrs. Jones, parents of Sally, desiring to secure their daughter's place in the economic pecking-order, put pressure on the legislature to construct behemoth universities whose principal purpose is to issue Sally a degree whether she works hard for it or not, and college degrees become increasingly meaningless.

Ever since the Second World War, many of our educational institutions, even while most of our teachers have tried valiantly to keep their eyes on the meaning of education, have been used as great human enclosures to keep children off the streets, away from home during the daylight hours, fussing away at something or other for distraction's sake; and now it is proposed to use them to keep young people away from the labor market. The principal damage is to those other students who, genuinely desiring an education, are bored and distracted by the disruptive listlessness of those of their fellow students who, because they are restless at their desks, pose disciplinary problems, slow down the classes, horse around and, generally, make a travesty out of education.

We need, to begin with, a Committee Against Discrimination in Favor of College Degrees. We need, secondly, to differentiate sharply, as for instance is done in Germany, between those students who are educable, and those who are merely trainable; and the emphasis, for the latter, should be on vocational training, beginning at about the age of fourteen. Those interested in pursuing this distinction should read the stunning little book of Albert Jay Nock, which originated as the Page-Barbour Lectures at the University of Virginia thirty years ago. It is called *A Theory of Education in the United States,* and your bookseller, if he is not an agent of the National Education Association, will order it for you.

As for Mr. Wirtz's proposal, he would do well to drop it, and propose instead that any employer who apprentices a young man or woman between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, in any business or profession which requires extensive technical training, should be permitted a whopping tax deduction. That way the teenage drop-outs can get useful training towards useful work, and guard against future unemployment for lack of skills. And the schools can get on with the business of education, rather than that of chaperonage, for those people who get in the way of Mr. Wirtz's statistics.

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From WASHINGTON Straight

Off and Running

► Lyndon Johnson is running for President. He wants his own Hundred Days, not one hundred, or three hundred days borrowed from John F. Kennedy's term in office. His campaign prescription is simple: concentrate on domestic matters; foreign affairs are too difficult to handle in the short run. LBJ's campaign strategy includes one rearguard action and two ambitious programs.

Retreating

► The rearguard action is the Administration's effort to cut short the Senate Rules Committee investigation of the Bobby Baker case. LBJ, and several of his former Senate cronies, have lost patience with the Committee, particularly with minority members, Sens. Curtis, Scott and Cooper, who have made it clear that they will not acquiesce in a whitewash—for anybody. Overpowered in committee, the Republicans took their case to the floor in the hopes of commanding sufficient publicity to avert the imminent "discontinuation." They succeeded temporarily, with the aid of accountant Milton L. Hauft's affidavit that his signature had been forged on Baker's tax returns.

Rules Committee Chairman Everett Jordan (D., N.C.) contended that alleged abortions, child-beatings, campaign shenanigans and call-girl rings were beyond the pale of the investigation because the enabling act, SR 212, empowered the Committee to investigate only "financial or business interests or activities of any former officer or employee of the Senate" involving "conflict of interest or other impropriety." Sen. Scott pointed out that if all these activities were not precisely of a financial nature, they were "improprieties" and therefore the proper concern of the Committee. But Jordan rejected the minority's request for sixteen additional witnesses, citing Rule 19 of the Senate, which, he said, "provides that where there is disagreement about calling witnesses the matter will be acted upon by the majority vote of the committee." The Democrats' 6-3 majority had prevailed.

Jordan's invocation of Rule 19, was a breathtaking blow. The rule was originally formulated to secure the right of *every* member of *every* committee to request witnesses. A member's request, according to Rule 19, may be denied only if the chairman rules the prospective testimony irrelevant to the purpose of the hearings, in which case the matter is put to committee vote. That Jordan, a senator from North Carolina, a frequent filibusterer, should attempt to transform Rule 19 into a majoritarian device hints at the urgency generated by the White House.

Advancing

► LBJ's Bold, New, Dynamic "War on Poverty," is indeed a phrase to conjure with. Daily tracts in support of its enactment summon martial energies to battle against the common materialist foe; they glow with a populist rhetoric dormant since Bryan; they evoke echoes of soft money, oppressed labor, Eastern banking interests.

LBJ told the Congress that every dollar needed for the War effort had been included in his FY 1965 Budget. But in reality the term "War on Poverty" is being used to cover most facets of the Kennedy welfare package: Area Redevelopment, Manpower Development Training, Housing and Community Development, Vocational Education, and so on. LBJ asked approximately $1 billion for this year. If Sgt. Shriver's budgetmanship as Director of the Peace Corps is any guide, the Office of Economic Opportunity will soon spend several billions annually in its bid for "total victory" over poverty.

Regrouping

► The second thrust of LBJ's domestic program is the Civil Rights Act of 1964, now before the Senate. It too was bequeathed to him by the late President Kennedy. And LBJ must do well with it, for it is the test by which the Liberals will judge Johnson the Southerner.

Despite the splash of publicity, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield will not quarterback the civil rights fight. The bill belongs to Sen. Hubert Humphrey, who is staking his career on its passage. He actively sought and won the floor leadership from Mansfield and the Kuchel (Sen. Thomas Kuchel, Cal.) Republicans. His hopes of the Vice Presidential nomination this summer could ride on his handling of this ticklish chore.

At this writing, prospects for cloture are slim. Humphrey's claim that he has the votes to close debate on the preliminary motion to take up the bill, is bluff. When he has the votes, he will use them. To collect the necessary 67 votes, he must enlist two of the three "uncommitted blocs": the border states (Yarborough of Texas, Gore and Walters of Tennessee); the small Western states, long jealous of minority protection (Bible, Cannon, Nev.; Metcalf, Mont.; McGee, Wyo.); the unpredictables, Proxmire of Wisconsin and Morse of Oregon.

The immediate object of the Southern senators is to bring the Senate to a careful examination of a precedent-shattering piece of legislation. They are reminding their colleagues that Attorney General Kennedy considered optional venue in the hearing of complaints a dangerous precedent; that JFK initially opposed authorizing the Executive to cut funds to local projects; that neither Kennedy originally requested the compulsory FEPC clause, etc.

Right now, support for the bill has peaked. The pressure by CORE, by the UAW, by the National Council of Churches, by the White House, is heavy. And the odds-on money is that a civil rights bill—of some sort—will be passed in 1964. But whether it will, in its final form, help the political aspirations of President Johnson or Sen. Humphrey is another question.

CATO

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The Sudden Magnificence Of William W. Scranton

Wanted: a warm body, Republican, in public life whose name isn't Barry Goldwater. Scranton might just be the man; so brother, watch the build-up

M. STANTON EVANS

Upon first appraisal, Governor William W. Scranton of Pennsylvania does not impress one as a glaringly self-evident favorite for the Presidency.

Scranton's public record is slight. His views on most vital issues of the day are unknown and in some cases apparently unknowable. His name is more frequently associated with a town in Pennsylvania than with a public official of it. And he is, by common testimony, possessed of a rare bashfulness about political life which prevents him from daring much in the manner of exciting public figures.

Yet despite all this, Pennsylvania's 46-year-old chief executive has become an intoxicating figure to certain influential members of the Republican Party and certain segments of the press, all too self-evidently the man they would like the GOP to nominate for President. The causes of this enthusiasm, the sudden flurry of publicity proclaiming it, and the portents these suggest for the Republican Party offer food for instructive meditation at this political season.

Scranton's curriculum vitae, at least in its public phases, is easily rehearsed. Born July 19, 1917, in Madison, Conn. Attended Hotchkiss and Yale (BA '38, LLB, '46). Service as transport pilot in World War II. Lineage, Pennsylvania Brahmins with papers going back to 1637. Home town, Scranton, Pennsylvania. Inheritance, better than $8 million, derived from certain venerable properties including the Lackawanna Iron & Steel Co., the First National Bank of Scranton, the *Scranton Republican*, the local gas and water company, etc.

From 1946 through 1959, Scranton was engaged in activity with various family enterprises which *Fortune* magazine sums up as "troubleshooting" and in chamber of commerce type promotions for his home city. In 1957, he seems to have achieved his first public prominence as head of a successful United Fund drive—a commendable undertaking, but not the sort of thing that sets a man up for national adulation. In 1959, Scranton joined the State Department as a liaison man and briefing officer. A

year later he ran for Congress and was elected. Two years after that he was elected governor of Pennsylvania.

Two facts emerge from this brief biography. The first, that Scranton's background is impeccable, and his personal wealth less peccable yet. Second, that his public career has been incredibly compressed. At age 42, Scranton took his first flier in government service in a minor capacity with the State Department. At age 46, he is heralded as a candidate for the Presidency. For long slumber followed by strenuous awakening, for pure bizarre asymmetry, there have been few political careers like it. By comparison, John Kennedy's legendary rise involved a long and toilsome apprenticeship, with some fourteen years of service in the U.S. House and Senate. Scranton has become reputed Presidential timber on a grand total of four years' public endeavor, three in elected office, two of those as a freshman congressman than which there are few officials less consequential in Washington, and one as a fledgling governor whose capabilities in that office are yet to be conclusively established.

Add to this greenness around the edges a soft philosophical haze, throw in a general unfamiliarity with Republican regulars and with the nation's voters, add a dash of seeming diffidence, and Scranton does not seem quite ready to be President of the United States. His political virtues are discernible, consisting of money, two winning races under his belt, and a seemingly good grasp of 64 delegate votes in the San Francisco convention (a grasp which, however, is to be contested); but these are, in Presidential terms, the attributes of a valued team-member, perhaps of an eventual department head in a friendly Administration, at most a Cabinet appointee or a Vice President. They are not the attributes of a serious Presidential candidate.

The fact remains that Scranton has increasingly become the favorite of the Liberal wing of the GOP and of the East Coast newspapers and slick periodicals which make it their business to Liberalize the Republican Party every fourth summer before switching to the Democrats in the fall. These people are drawn to him for a complex of reasons, the least important of which is his position atop a large state delegation, the most important of which is that he

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is a warm body whose name is not Barry Goldwater.

Scranton has become a premier candidate for the Presidency by sheer process of elimination. The Eastern potentates and syndicated columnists are only passingly concerned with who, precisely, the Republican nominee should be; they are much more urgently concerned at the moment with who he should *not* be—namely, Barry Goldwater. With Scranton or any of the other seemingly numberless candidates proposed by the Liberal Republicans and by such tested GOP well-wishers as Walter Lippmann, the unspeakable danger of a Republican Party fundamentally different from its opposition may be avoided. The important thing is to come up with someone, anyone, who can head Goldwater off at the pass, to guarantee that whatever happens in the general election Liberalism will not be endangered.

Potpourri

Depending upon the seriousness of the count, Scranton is either the fifth, sixth or seventh candidate to be thrust into the breach against Goldwater. Nelson Rockefeller was of course for many months the favorite; when doubts appeared concerning Nelson, the Liberal touts began laying off some money on Michigan's Governor George Romney; when Romney ran into trouble at home, the spotlight shifted to Henry Cabot Lodge; when, despite Lodge's strong primary victory in New Hampshire, Republicans expressed doubt that Lodge could get out of New England, former Vice President Nixon was given some tantalizing mention; and of course Harold Stassen has once more run up his tattered ensign. Finally, for good measure, Senator Margaret Chase Smith has entered the picture and attracted considerable attention to her curious candidacy. Out of this contrived melee, there is no single contender who now has a realistic chance of beating Goldwater. Scranton has thus been brought forward as the true anti-Goldwater, the last best hope of apologetic Republicanism. And the presses have rolled in earnest.

Scranton's face has suddenly appeared on the cover of *Newsweek*; the *Saturday Evening Post* obliged with a flattering profile and a *billet doux* from Stewart Alsop; *Fortune* supplied a character study depicting Scranton as the Galahad of Pennsylvania politics; *Life* and *Look* each offered a flattering puff-piece; and national columnists raised a threnody about a routine Scranton appearance in Indiana. It took no practiced eye to perceive that, at least until the signals should be changed, the fix was in. Tunes of glory were piping for Willie Scranton.

It was, to be sure, an anomalous situation. As the *Wall Street Journal* observed, not since Willkie had the Republican kingmakers placed their hopes upon a candidate about whom they knew so little. Scranton's public performance had hardly done more than supply glimmerings as to his ideology; but what had been offered seemed adequate to guarantee that he could be depended upon as a consistent Liberal.

As a one-term member of the House of Representatives, Scranton racked up a voting record that placed him on the left flank of the GOP contingent in the lower chamber. Among Republican delegations, Pennsylvania as a whole is decidedly Liberal. Its 1961 rating from the conservative Americans for Constitutional Action was only 64 per cent (compared for example to the Indiana GOP's 93 per cent for the same period). Scranton was even lower at 58 per cent. For the 1961-62 Congress as a whole, Scranton's rating was 52 per cent, putting him near the bottom in terms of conservatism (160th out of 174 GOP congressmen). Another rating service, *Congressional Quarterly*, found Scranton had opposed President Kennedy on only 34 per cent of 125 test roll call votes, and had disagreed with the New Frontier on foreign policy questions a bare 6 per cent of the time.

Performance in the House

Among Scranton's votes in the House were "ayes" for a $9 billion federal housing program, for the Area Redevelopment Act and its bonanza of subsidies, and, most crucial of all, for the New Frontier's effort to pack the House Rules Committee. The last-named motion passed by a margin of only five votes, made possible by the defection of Scranton and a handful of other Republicans from the stand taken by their party as a whole.

As Governor, Scranton's most publicized achievement has been pushing through an increase in the Pennsylvania sales tax—making it, at 5 per cent, the highest in the nation. The tax increase was in part necessary to make up for depleted general funds under the Democrats, but also to pay for the expanded program of state spending Scranton had outlined in his opening address to the Pennsylvania General Assembly—a program which included New Frontier-like medicare and urban renewal proposals. This year he has followed up presenting a $1.2 billion budget, largest in Pennsylvania history.

. . . and with the Dems

After Scranton's 1963 address, Pennsylvania Democratic leader Anthony J. Presky commented: "I am happy that the governor has embraced the thinking of the Democratic Party in several areas of the state government." The embrace was further extended in matters concerning party patronage. For eight years under Democratic Governors George Leader and David Lawrence the GOP had been starved for the party-building sustenance of jobs for the faithful. With the accession of a Republican executive, they looked joyfully forward to making inroads upon some 50,000 places available in the state bureaucracy; to their surprise, they found Scranton determined to put as many of these jobs as possible under civil service—a stand upon which he has only of late relented. The hungry sheep looked up hopefully, and were not fed.

Scranton's ability to merge with the Democrats in his state and federal capacities, and his convergence on several points with the late President Kennedy, have been even more conspicuous in his campaigns for office. During his 1960 race for Congress, his supporters helpfully told voters how to split their ballots between Scranton and Kennedy. Scranton himself, who had in his salad days dated one of the Kennedy sisters, stressed his friendship with the Democratic candidate. On election

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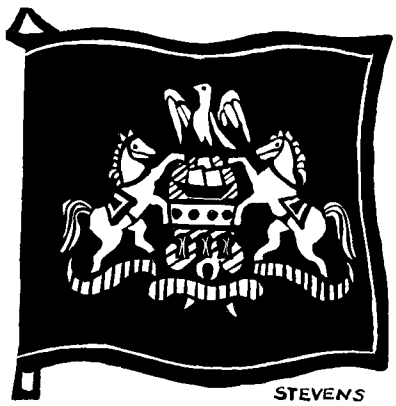
eve, he ceded prime television time to Kennedy, then rescheduled his own broadcast to follow immediately afterward so that he could inherit Kennedy's audience. That this helped Scranton immensely in a heavily-Catholic district may be well imagined; but needless to say it did nothing for the national Republican ticket, which lost the district handily and got a good leg up toward losing the entire state. (Nixon-Lodge lost in Scranton's district by 15,000 votes: they lost the state by 116,000.) In its admiring profile of Scranton, *Fortune* quotes a Democratic leader:

"Scranton sounded just like a Democrat. He kept talking about bringing in more jobs and how we had to get the area moving again. Jack Kennedy was saying exactly the same things. People just figured that somehow Kennedy and Scranton were running together."

The 'GOP Kennedy'

Lest this be thought protective coloration, it should be noted that such Scranton maneuvers are executed from principle, not from expediency. The *Fortune* writer who quotes the lament above informs us that Scranton is a man who "would make no compromises on his platform or point of view to get elected." Which evidently means that "sounding like a Democrat" is a matter of conviction with Scranton. And, in fact, this is precisely what endears him to his Liberal admirers. In his gush of adulation for *Life*, Theodore White stresses Scranton's Liberalism as a sign of his courage. Scranton, White says, "proved early he could stand alone. In Congress, as a freshman Republican, he broke to vote *with* Kennedy *against* his party to enlarge the Rules Committee; and again *with* Kennedy *against* his party for Area Redevelopment." The quadruple emphasis is supplied by White, and seems intended to tell us the kind of man Scranton really is in the things he is *with*—the Democratic program; and *against*—the Republican Party. Nor has the affinity for the late President Kennedy worn off. *Newsweek* observes that, in several respects, Scranton would seem to be a sort of "GOP Kennedy," adding that "the parallel is one his staffers encourage."

If Scranton's Liberal leanings have been found pleasing, his personal attributes have not gone unnoticed either. Theodore White gives us this appraisal: "What one sees in the flesh is six-foot-two of lean American man, the body slender and muscular



Pennsylvania

from skiing in winter, tennis in summer. The face is thin and boyish; the hair silvering and without a trace of balding; the voice is robust, Hudson Valley rather than Ivy League—and sexy. From Washington, Pa., to Washington, D.C. when William Warren Scranton moves through a room, the eyes of dowagers caress him as a son, and young girls wriggle."

This Swinburnian passage would suggest that some Scrantonians have let their hearts dictate to their better judgment. While appearance is hardly the proper test of a Presidential candidate, the subject becomes relevant when Scranton's boosters bring it up; and to this correspondent, the Scranton phizz stirs waking memories of Joe E. Brown or the vacuous drawings of F. Opper.

The *Wall Street Journal*, which can be accused of no bias against the GOP's Liberal wing, notes that Scranton "can alternately appear charming—or simpering." Certainly the Pennsylvanian's appearance has about it none of the strength suggested by Goldwater's, or, on the Liberal side of things, by the rhomboid visage of Nelson Rockefeller. One would think, indeed, that personal appearance is an issue which Scranton enthusiasts might discreetly leave unraised.

That Scranton is an aristocrat is not to be denied. His fortune is rooted in four generations of Scranton enterprise in Pennsylvania. His mother, for 23 years the GOP national committeewoman from the state, was known as "the Duchess." According to *Newsweek*, she looked in the eyes of one witness "the way Queen Elizabeth is going to look when she's had a couple more decades to get used to her position." At the palatial Scranton home, "Marworth," *Newsweek* goes on, "liveried footmen served swan for dinner." A closer approximation of aristocracy would not seem possible in America. Scranton, indeed, is somewhat self-conscious about this theme, having protested *Newsweek*'s suggestion that swan was a staple in the family diet. The *New York Times* reported his hot denial, transmitting the intelligence that "the Governor could not recall ever having eaten swan." (Purists will note this does not constitute a flat repudiation of the charge; it is possible swan was served when Scranton was out of town; it is possible he ate swan but thought it was something else; it is possible he ate swan but does not recall it. Then, too, the issue of the liveried footmen seems to have been skirted. This, however, may be developed further in subsequent Scranton stories.)

His Maturing Phraseology

Scranton's Democratic opposition has flung at him the charge that he is "effete," an allegation which may be chalked up to political badinage. Gubernatorial opponent Richardson Dilworth disparaged him as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and it is said his opponents generally describe him as a "mama's boy." The first charge seems clearly to have backfired, judging from the election results; the second has been triumphantly disposed of by Scranton himself, who pointed out to the *Times* that he actually ran for Congress in 1960 *against* the advice of his mother, when he was not yet 44 years old. "Mother told me not to do it," he is quoted. "She hoped I wouldn't run for office." On the question of Scranton's language the testimony is mixed. Alan Otten avers that the Governor "displays deep emotion with such expressions as 'golly gee' or 'jeepers cat.'" But White gives testimony that

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is obliquely contradictory. "Such semi-parlor phrases as 'Oh heavens,' and 'I'm thrilled,'" White notes, "have now disappeared from his public discourse."

'Triumph' in Indiana

Scranton's political history has been a study in coyness. In his race for the House, he positively refused to run for the nomination until six county chairmen unanimously gave him their backing. In the governorship contest, he gave a similar performance. It is therefore unsurprising that he has done little barnstorming to build himself for the Presidential candidacy. He is content to sit back and wait for it to be delivered, as have his two previous baubles. The problem is, of course, that lack of exposure nationally does not give the Liberals very much to work with; they have therefore seized with alacrity one of the few 1964 excursions of any importance that Scranton has made to date outside of Pennsylvania. This was his trip to Indianapolis, Indiana, January 29, to speak at the GOP fund-raising dinner being held there as part of a nationwide series. The city and the state are noted for their conservatism, so Scranton's appearance gave the pundits a chance to portray their tiger as scoring points in opposition territory.

As is the usual case with visiting firemen in Indiana, Scranton gave a speech that was generally conservative in tone. And also as usual, his effort was civilly greeted by Hoosier Republicans. None of which at the time struck anyone in Indiana as very revolutionary, or very significant. Hoosier Republicans are not given to stoning GOP governors who come to town and talk conservatism. Nor are they given to scrapping their political allegiances on the basis of a single speech by someone they have never seen before and know little about.

It was with some astonishment, therefore, that Indiana Republicans learned, after the fact, that Scranton's visit had been virtually indistinguishable from a Roman triumph. To hear the East Coast journalists tell it, Scranton took Indianapolis like Grant took Richmond. According to Washington columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, Hoosier Republicans now see Scranton as "a poised and attractive political star." When Scranton denounced the Democrats, moreover, "the crowd loved it." Indiana Republican Lieutenant Governor Richard Ristine is alleged to have said, "Scranton was the best in the nation tonight."

Not Quite Full

All of which, Evans and Novak conclude, "means Scranton now has the potential for Indiana support at the convention." And all of which suggests these Washington sages would do better to stick to their beat on Capitol Hill. Their puff-piece was obviously meant to build Scranton as a figure who can attract conservative support in addition to that of the Liberals promoting him, and just as obviously has little or no relevance to political actuality. *Indianapolis News* staffer Antoni E. Gollan told a somewhat different story in his column on the meeting: "The local $100-a-plate dinner, said one high GOP official, was the most successful such function held in years, adding that much of the credit must go to Republican state chairman Robert Stewart. 'He and the Republican mayors around the state did a marvelous job, although I don't think they were helped any by the choice of Scranton as the main speaker.'

"Surveying the room, a GOP finance committeeman reflected, 'Well, we got it pretty nearly filled anyway.' The large hall in fact, was not quite filled. An usher estimated that places were set for roughly 1,400 people and that 150 were left empty. As it was, the many assembled Republicans cheerfully filled the party's war chest; and if Governor Scranton's appearance convinced any of them that Senator Goldwater should not be the GOP's Presidential nominee, no one was the wiser."

This piece of promotion is highly similar to one attempted last summer when Nelson Rockefeller ventured into northwest Illinois. Because Rocky was not drawn and quartered, and because he gave a conservative speech which drew some local applause, the *New York Times* described his visit as a stupendous success. Despite that result, Governor Rockefeller today is lucky if he has two Illinois delegates to rub together. The same may also be said about Governor Scranton in Indiana.

Perhaps the political pundits touting Scranton would like to apply their logic to another situation. According to Evans and Novak, a polite reception by a GOP audience equals support in the Republican national convention. The same night Scranton spoke in Indianapolis, Barry Goldwater spoke in Pittsburgh, and was enthusiastically received by a large audience there—just as he has been received on numerous other occasions in the Keystone state. It therefore can be concluded that Goldwater will receive Pennsylvania support at the national convention and that Scranton's strength is fading in his own state. Q.E.D.

Prince Edward County

W. H. von Dreele

In Philly, where the Fathers signed
  Upon the dotted line, O,
They thought the document defined
  Defense against The Nine, O.

When, finally, they codified
  The powers of each State, O,
The Constitution specified:
  "The States shall educate, O."

Conventionally, ballads should
  Conclude with death and debt, O—
A fate Prince Edward folks withstood,
  'Till Warren. (Wanna bet, O?)

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Letter from Latin America

Brazil's Migratory Congress of Communists

ROBERT PETER

NOT MANY days ago there took place in Brazil one of those famous congresses whose organizers proclaim they'll have nothing to do with a Communist gathering, and whose delegates stand up at the first session to sing "The Internationale," in shirtsleeves.

This was a meeting of labor leaders from seven Latin American countries (Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Cuba, Uruguay, Venezuela) with a large number of "observers" from almost every Communist land. The object was to create a new Latin American labor organization to undermine ORIT (Regional Interamerican Labor Organization), an organizational superstructure that the Communists have been unable to capture despite great effort.

The congress didn't have an easy time of it. Originally the organizers wanted to hold it in Rio de Janeiro, which is a very lovely city where, between sessions, delegates could betake themselves to the elegant beach at Copacabana, and bathe in style. But Rio is governed by one of the most bitter foes the Communists have, Governor Carlos Lacerda. He immediately refused them permission to hold the congress there. So they turned to the industrial city of São Paulo, but as luck would have it the governor there is a multi-millionaire, Adhemar de Barros, whose sympathy for Communists and Communist games can be described in one word: none. Another rejection. So they landed in Belo Horizonte, the ambitious capital of the state of Minas Gerais, and started preparing for the opening session. Now the governor there couldn't rightly decide whether he should say yes or no; so his constituents relieved him of the problem. There were demonstrations against the 500 delegates—proclamations, protests, and riots that came close to turning into an uprising. Matters degenerated so rapidly that the leaders of the congress finally deemed it better to take to the road again to look for a more hospitable city. And, rather than involve themselves in eternal ruckuses with the governors of the various states, they repaired to the federal capital in Brasilia.

A 'No' from Goulart

Now you can hardly accuse President Goulart of waging a holy war against the extreme left—but this labor congress made even him uncomfortable. He didn't forbid it; but when, after such halting starts, the congress finally opened, Goulart suddenly found he had pressing obligations far from Brasilia and was unfortunately unable to honor the congress with his presence. He even got the chance to say no, at least once, to the organizers of the congress. They wanted to hold their meeting in a hall of the Brazilian Parliament, and it was necessary to inform them that government buildings are not available for such purposes. So they sought refuge among the capitalists, choosing the Hotel Nacional, one of the most luxurious in all Brazil, where, finally, they opened their meeting, and sang "The Internationale," in shirtsleeves. Countless detectives mingled with the delegates in similar *déshabille*, placidly tape-recording the wild speeches against the imperialists and especially, of course, against the United States.

But the real object of the congress, to destroy ORIT, was not attained. The creation of a competing organization was deferred until the next congress, which is scheduled for Montevideo next July. And then the congress adjourned rather abruptly. Many of the anti-Communist demonstrators from Belo Horizonte had decided to follow up their early triumph, and were beginning to pop up in Brasilia, making "Communist, go home" type noises.

The importance of the affair is this. It showed that a congress of Communist labor unionists has not yet found the kind of response among the people of Brazil that it expected to find. I do not mean the above-mentioned demonstrations which did indeed succeed in intimidating a number of delegates and persuading them that a premature departure was the better part of valor. Some observers say these agitations were carefully organized by Governor Lacerda and are not, therefore, to be evaluated as spontaneous expressions of disapproval. Quite apart from the demonstrations what this episode showed was a notable failure of support among the masses. The demonstrations *against* the congress were not matched with demonstrations *for* the congress. And that is an astonishing thing considering the deafening daily outcry by Mr. Leonel Brizola, President Goulart's far left, U.S.-hating brother-in-law, and the gaggle of Communist and pro-Communist intellectuals, politicians and military men who have gained in importance in recent months. Despite the ideological shift to the Left which got its first major impetus with President Quadros and quickened under Goulart—despite intense efforts by Cuban propagandists and others—the politics of Brazil have not yet been poisoned beyond the point of salvage. Something can still be done—but if something is to be done, it is up to the ruling circles, which to date have been blind to the political and economic factors involved. It will not do to persist in the brutal egoism of yesteryear and nip in the bud every attempt to change things. The reaction to this congress shows there is still time to get something done. But there is not much time. When the day comes that the delegates to such congresses are no longer forced to migrate from city to city but are carried on the shoulders of jubilating masses, then it will be too late. And Brazil, the largest nation of Latin America, with the greatest economic potential, may well have been lost to the West.

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Life Among the Libs (Hunter College Division)

Miss Buck, Ph.D., is introduced to Liberalism, an experience she did not survive because it transpires she Hates Jews, Negroes and Communists

SUSAN BUCK

It might have been different, had I but realized they viewed seriously the Internal Menace of Subversion, namely me.

I came to Hunter College of the City University of New York (impressed?) to teach geography, equipped with a shiny new doctorate and several dazzling notions the Liberals claim to have freshly minted, like Freedom of Thought. So I revealed my true blackness of soul at the faculty lunch tables, making merry with certain basic, cherished Liberal fallacies. As soon as they realized I might make a habit of this, the Unbeliever - Disposal Squad clanged into action like a well-drilled fire company. After all, they had a problem—how to convince the kiddies that all intelligent people are Liberals, in the presence of a loose marble who isn't?

Not my first error, nor my impenitent last, was becoming faculty adviser to the Young Americans for Freedom, who had never before found a conservative. A speaker was invited, and for once the Right was represented by someone other than George Lincoln Rockwell and his storm-troopers, who are normally invited by the Left, to stir the vital juices of sluggish Liberal systems. A funny thing happened to me on the way to that meeting. I was fired.

They ought to have stuck it out till June as best they could. But they chose to turn loose the student-faculty *Schmierbund,* dedicated to adding insult to injury. During second-semester registration, a student newspaper columnist encamped himself in the cafeteria and informed all it might concern that I was anti-Semitic and anti-Negro. Although this prank is hoary with age in its original home, New York, it is still sure-fire. When the former President of Hunter College, who was aglitter with medals for Liberalism, was hit with the anti-Semitic smear by the Communists, he admits his eternal gratitude to the influential group "without whose help I could never have survived."

Since Puerto Ricans are scarce at Hunter, it looked as though they would have to do without "anti-Puerto-Rican" to round out the trinity of political untouchables. But, a colleague "observing" me scuttled for the door one day, clutching a remark made in a discussion of the climate of Puerto Rico. Sandbagged again. I became a racist easily, by questioning at the lunch table, the powers of observation of the anthropology man declaring there was no such thing as race. I guess fascist and Birchite were thrown in as a matched set.

With the groundwork thus laid, they went so far as to jack up about half my students' grades arbitrarily, on the grounds of "prejudice." My

most promising flunkee soared to a C, presumably by whining convincingly into sympathetic ears. When I asked to know the exact charges, much less what they were based upon, this turned out to be information they do not divulge to the accused. After all, you might confuse the issue by contradicting something.

Complaints to the President and the AAUP (American Association of University Professors) are singularly ineffective; although I have never seen, or heard of, a shred of evidence. The President does not deny that these things happened, but he sees nothing wrong with them. The AAUP, doughty defender of academic freedom, has been stricken deaf, dumb, and blind, and is out of reach of the U.S. mails as well. They don't answer. But you can't ask them to defend an anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-Puerto Rican racist, fascist, and Birchite, can you?

Hunter College is clearly a dictatorship of the Liberal elite; I think opposition, at the faculty level, just reverted to nil. One is forced to ask: Is this good?

Good? Why, it's Good and Truth and Beauty wadded into a great sticky ball, and you'd just better believe it! The only thing to hate is Hate, they say, glaring at me malevolently because I am Hate. Which means I am Sick, and sick people Need Help, and if they aren't pretty fast on their feet they're going to get it, too, inside some place they didn't ask to go. When this gang *really* gets power, I don't know how you'll escape from these solicitous types waiting to pop the net on people who Need Help.

You have to hate Hate. You don't absolutely *have* to hate the United States, but if you do, everyone will understand. Hence the collection of student America Stinks clubs on campus. The membership of those are nothing I'd care to have behind my back in a scrap with the Soviet Union, put it that way; then there are the Israeli nationalists and the United Nations enthusiasts. The only

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flag you *must not* wave at Hunter is the American flag.

Small wonder there is no titter of embarrassment when Hunter student teachers whine at public meetings, "Do I have to teach love of country?", or complain of the impossibility of being loyal to a country which counts, among its innumerable flaws, so help me, *smog*. At a Hunter College debate some years ago (it would be worse now), the person who argued in favor of U.S. retention of the hard-won Pacific islands was lambasted for a "very pro-U.S. attitude."

The result of this is quite sad for the United States. One day, discussing the world's deserts, I remarked that the Rub al-Khali, the Empty Quarter of Arabia, would cover most of the southeastern United States. Several students spontaneously quipped that that was a marvelous idea. Come on, I said, in that case let's cover the *enemy* with sand. They replied, "The South is the enemy." They meant it, too. The Reds and Libs will do us in yet.

If you want a fight, just accuse a Lib of being soft on Communism. You can expect a thumb in the eye in return. The trouble is it's perfectly true. The only serious arguments the Libs have with the Reds are over 1) permissible degrees of violence, and 2) which of *them* is going to rule the world, after 3) the United States is delivered, unarmed, to a world government initially composed of Reds and Libs.

How It All Began

The tale of unrestrained Communist activity — flat-out Communist, none of this namby-pamby stuff—at Hunter College is long and revealing, even to the extent that I can cover myself with page references.

Dr. Bella Dodd, who become unpopular on campus only after she apostasized, personally gave Communism a healthy push as head of the Red-dominated Teachers Union. She dates the surfacing of Communist agitation at Hunter from Roosevelt's recognition of Joe Stalin's peasant-massacring regime in 1933. When the La Guardia administration sought a new President for Hunter College in 1939, two iron-clad political requirements demanded 1) a Catholic with 2) a strong stomach for Communists. George N. Shuster, editor of the left-Liberal Catholic periodical *Commonweal*, and fledgling member of the Council on Foreign Relations, filled the bill.

In a recent book of reminiscences, modestly entitled *The Ground I Walked On* (no not *The Water I Walked On*), Shuster inadvertently reveals the narrow limits of anti-Communist activity open to a true Liberal. Particularly in retrospect, Shuster wouldn't want his readers to think him naive; he admits he knew, when he took over in 1939, that there was a Communist cell among the faculty and staff, and the Red-led Teachers Union and Student Union operating on campus.

Loophole for Niki

The Liberal attitude toward this is apt to be "so what?" Shuster says the Red teachers "seldom" indoctrinated in the classroom—no doubt they sounded like Libs the rest of the time—and he was amused to find that they "merrily resorted to perjury" to evade the law. Then, as now, there were laws against employing agents of the Soviet Union to instruct the youth of the nation, and then as now, they have sufficient loopholes in them so that, quite literally, Nikita S. Khrushchev himself could pick up a job at Hunter, if the president and a department head wanted him. To make a short story shorter, the Red menace was "smashed" at Hunter in 1944, by having Eleanor Roosevelt come and tell the kiddies they shouldn't be altogether Red. Then that horrible McCarthy embarrassed everybody by flushing out four or five of the Communist professors only thirteen years after Shuster learned about them.

Maybe he was afraid of them. The Communists, according to Shuster, often worked him over, whether to convince him he just couldn't get too harmless or for the sheer unrestrained joy of it, is unclear. Shuster merely says, in reference to one incident, "I had said or done very little to justify so elaborate an enterprise." He was so right.

Any normal man would have overlooked no opportunity to dispose of his tormentors. Shuster seems, instead, to have come up each time with a masochistic grin. When one or more cell members were caught in the act of stuffing libelous smears against Shuster into faculty mailboxes, Shuster did nothing. When the same gang threw a picket line around the college, a little old lady Shakespeare professor finally told the police three days later to break 'em up, leaving Shuster aghast at this violation of the pickets' civil liberties.

In Liberal parlance, then, letting the Communists stomp you with hob-nailed boots is called "tolerance." It may have peculiarly suited Shuster's personality, since he tells you he is constantly being rescued from disaster, if at all, by assorted old ladies, nuns, "my good angel," or the student leader "with eyes like the Goddess Athena," who stood by him in his hour of need of popularity.

Those who imagine Liberals to be great partisans of Freedom of Thought should note what happened to Shuster after he seriously muffed the Liberal party line at a Foreign Policy Association dinner in 1945. It was a very short time after Yalta, and Shuster correctly predicted certain disasters which have since resulted from that agreement. There was a thunderous silence, broken only by the loyal applause of his wife. He was called a traitor (the question is, to whom?) and all but stoned from the banquet room. His book-review work with the *New York Times* dried up, he was nearly banned from the University of Minnesota in a noisy episode, had all kinds of trouble getting a passport, and was gratuitously barred from occupied Rome by some gang member on Gen. Clark's staff. *That* taught him Group Think is safer.

Rocking the Boat, Verboten

What the students were up to while Shuster was learning to behave himself does not bear examination. The majority, of course, never engaged in the following activities. The point is, they did not, and in some cases *could* not oppose them, because fighting the Communists "makes waves" and is therefore not allowed. That is a strictly Liberal rule, and it guarantees eventual Communist victory.

For a while, Shuster, feeling twinges of conscience at the success of Hunter's singularly virulent strain of young Reds, went so far as to have

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fatherly chats with hard-nosed members of the "squads of agents" he admits roamed the campus. He claims no conversions. As mentioned, he does claim to have had the Reds on the ropes by 1944.

Let's see, 1944—yes, that was the year no *American* officer was sent to Hunter to inspire fresh zeal for the War Effort. The man for the job was Capt. Orest' Shestov of the Red Army.

By 1948, the Communists had a monopoly on student political activities. The Reds could pick over the Eager Believers sucked in by Anti-Witch Hunt Hallowe'en Dances, anti-loyalty-oath skits, interclass "sings" with faculty-awarded prizes for the Reddest lyrics, or hootenannies, way back then, with Ernie Lieberman of Peoples' Songs. Those ready for meatier "activities" were put to distributing propaganda, demonstrating on cue from the *Worker,* or even going to other campuses to participate in Red-led intercollegiate necktie parties, such as the attempted lynching of Professors Knickerbocker and Davis at CCNY. Naturally, they were constantly addressed by a procession of speakers, ranging from open and concealed Party brass down through disposable "martyrs" of the moment and, incidentally, separated from their loose change for the Cause.

Things got so bad that the Board of Education finally passed a regulation barring speakers under indictment for assorted crimes from the city colleges. There was all manner of noise from the Reds and their Liberal allies about that, and they never quit, so the reader should not be surprised that a very recent speaker was someone the State of Kentucky considers guilty of armed robbery and conspiracy to blow up a railroad bridge—for the Cause no doubt. Any regulation against it is unlikely to be enforced.

The famed Liberal double-standard is evident throughout, from the Student Council's self-righteous barring of opera star Kirsten Flagstad for "fascist affiliations" which would "damage the reputation of the college," to the latest, when someone asking a group of students whether their interest in civil liberties extended to American farmers jailed for growing wheat without federal permission was threatened, by the Director of Student Activities, with forcible ejection from the building. (Never be a non-people under a dictatorship of the Liberal elite.)

The Korean War drew forth touching manifestations of loyalty and patriotism. Maddened by American victories, Hunter students were on the streets handing out leaflets reading, "MacArthur is NO Hero." The United Nations enthusiasts, showing their pink slips, ignored Korea and invited Communist Dr. Alex Bebler to chair a discussion of "The American Invasion of Formosa." The student newspaper editor hotly defended her counterpart at the University of Chicago, who was under fire, presumably from fascists, for publishing all kinds of enemy propaganda, including a glowing report of progress made by Red Chinese students in collecting funds for grenades to be thrown at American troops.

Some students found it rather tasteless of Howard Fast to ridicule, not only American civilization, but dead and maimed American service-men, but he was invited back, not thrown out; that is not allowed. The only inhibitions at Hunter are of the gagging reflex.

Then came The Terror. The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, with men like Robert Morris doing what Shuster and his ilk had carefully avoided doing for thirteen years and more, lifted the lid on the Hunter cell and many another. Four or five Communist professors were dismissed, despite the admitted best efforts of Shuster whose contortions on their behalf, before the Board of Higher Education, were so *outré* that he found his patriotism questioned by the chairman. When Shuster was unable to stop the bullet with his own body, as it were, he tried his best to explain to the students what a cruel world it was, so that, above all, they would not "go away thinking the bidding of Senator McCarthy had been done in the dark."

The Terror shook up a number of parlor pinks, but Ground Zero was apparently the Department of Psychology and Philosophy; two professors went down in flames, and John Somerville got his eyebrows singed off, which qualifies him to this day as martyr-in-residence. Somerville is an intermittent front-joiner—anyone who disbelieves it should be sentenced to read his books. Through strange coincidence, he has represented the United States at UNESCO symposia; since Shuster is a large wheel on UNESCO, interesting speculations could be made about who recommended whom for what. Yet no one chooses to clarify this matter. Hunter did, however, ensure a certain continuity of course content by plugging the riddled ranks of the department, temporarily, with Mrs. Somerville. It is the Wrong Thing to

(Continued on p. 296)

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Political Notes from the Prairies

Motoring west from New York, the author finds little interest in the Presidential race, considerably more in local contests, not much dissatisfaction with LBJ

JAMES BURNHAM

Denver

It doesn't take long after you leave the Eastern Seaboard to find out that very few citizens, except for professionals and the pre-committed, are much interested in 1964's Presidential politics. Besides their own family affairs, most people are thinking about sports, recreation, travel—play, in brief—and business. Business is good; there are lots of jobs at good wages, in spite of the unemployment statistics; there is leisure time and spare cash for play; bad public troubles are far away or postponable. So the mood, in general, is cheerful, the outlook optimistic.

In the large restaurant where I had breakfast in Janesville, Wisc., one older man had his newspaper open to the financial half-page; every other reader was plunged into the multitudinous pages of the sports section. When politics come up, they are usually local or economic politics. The citizens of Sterling, Kansas, are at swords' points over the proposal that all municipal employees from mayor down take lie-detector tests to find out what happened to the parking meter receipts that were down 35 per cent in 1963. In Nebraska, the morning radio news rounds up the prices, sales and shipments of cattle, hogs and grains. When you look at the thousands of solid, heavy, purebred Herefords with their moronic white faces crowding the Nebraska feeding pens, along with a sprinkling of shiny Black Angus, you know why beef imports make so passionate an issue. When Hubert Humphrey or Gene McCarthy report back to their Minnesota constituents, it's the wheat-cotton bill, not Cyprus, they've got to explain.

¶ Both the restriction of interest and the euphoric mood help Lyndon Johnson, inevitably. There is no strong feeling, even in these Goldwater prairies, for a White House change. I have heard—how extraordinary a contrast to his predecessor's case!—no bitterness against the President or his policies from anyone. Occasionally a straitlaced type murmurs something about "wheeling and dealing," but not very convincedly, and there is no response: everyone takes wheeling and dealing for granted, when you come right down to it. The perennial resentment of the West against Easterners is present and, I think, has been deepening in the last few years. Before Nov. 22, 1963, this was fueling the rising opposition to John Kennedy—with his blatantly-Eastern money, accent, lineage, clothes and Church—and, concomitantly, pushing Barry Goldwater along. (Remember that *Life* cover last autumn showing Goldwater, with his golden palomino, as symbol of the Western myth?) But the Texan Johnson, with his Western personal style —whatever the style of his political ideology—has diverted that resentment. The polls are probably correct in suggesting that if the election were to be held now, Johnson might take fifty states.

¶ No one in the Midwest takes the Lodge candidacy seriously; the New Hampshire primary is hardly remembered except in the ponderous prose of the syndicated Eastern columnists. During the week-end following the primary, Republicans in eleven Minnesota counties chose their delegates to the state convention that will name the representatives to the national convention. Out of about 150 in all, there was just one Lodge man. It is not that there is any notable opposition to Lodge. He is just not thought to be relevant. New Hampshire's action is dismissed as an eccentric family affair: though there is puzzlement, from which both have been weakened, that Goldwater and Rockefeller were defeated so very badly.

In a good many states—*cf.* Florida and California as well as Illinois and Minnesota — the Republicans are feuding locally more, and more bitterly, than the Democrats. In their origin these feuds are independent of the campaign for the Presidential nomination; but the campaign gets tangled up in them. Since the feuds are petty and sterile, they tend to weaken the party and, very often, Barry Goldwater along with the party. Local squabbles probably had more to do with the New Hampshire result than is generally supposed. The dispute is often between the old-line GOP leadership—the continuators of the Taft faction—and one or another newer insurgent group. In most cases, the old-line leadership, the Taft men, are the most strongly pro-Goldwater tendency—along with, paradoxically, the youth—while the insurgent forces, outside the established *apparat*, are less ardently for Goldwater or even opposed. This was partly the situation in New Hampshire, where Goldwater had the backing of the Bridges-Cotton machine, and the machine was licked. It is certainly the case in Illinois and Minnesota though the result may be different.

¶ The Republican fight in Illinois has been simplified by the several withdrawals from the gubernatorial contest, leaving only boy-genius businessman Charles Percy *vs.* boy-genius professional politician, State Treasurer William J. Scott. Goldwater's support among active Illinois Republicans is so strong that he will take all or almost all the convention delegation on April 14 no matter which gubernatorial candidate wins. But the nomination of Scott would be a smashing Goldwater victory, sufficient to erase New Hampshire.

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Kindly Advice to Uncaducean Conservatives

JOHANNES EFF

Unless you aim to end up as antiquated crustacea,
You must learn to overcome all frustacea.
One simply cannot keep up an eternal feud: Ask Freud.
Toward de Gaulle you feel, par example, froid?
Or perhaps think that pool pushing on the part of responsible
government officials lewd?
Obviously this is the wrong way to stay jung;
And while juth is a disease from which all will recover,
As the Republican senator said to the elephant boy in Siam,
"Don't cry, young lover,
Just because I am."
Tears, it is true, may help a little,
Or phrases by fishermen about it all being a fine kettle;
Or, if you go in for Shakespeare, allusions to how rotten lots
Of things were in Denmark, or the milk situation with the Hottentots.
But be on your guard about feelings like looking up the descendants
of John Wilkes Booth for advice,
Or getting Otto Preminger for an American version of the film,
"Bitter Rice."
That way lies death.
Or at least bad breath
From a sour stomach, colon or duodigmund:
Ask Sigmund.

Most Goldwaterites are supporting Scott. Percy is backed by Secretary of State Charles F. Carpentier, long the key figure and prize vote-getter in Illinois Republican politics, who had to withdraw his own name be-because of a heart attack, and also by the newer, more Liberal-tending forces, along with a good many of the large-scale businessmen. They, like Percy himself, are at heart less strongly pro-Goldwater, and not seldom anti. Still, Percy as a gubernatorial candidate would want united support, and hence would not dare stray far from Goldwater at San Francisco.

¶ The situation in Minnesota is similar. There, too, Goldwater will get nearly all the delegation, perhaps all. But its firmness will have been weakened by the internal party fight, and local wise men say Goldwater can't count on it with assurances for more than the first ballot. In Minnesota the anti-Goldwater factions have used the cover of the favorite-son movement for Walter Judd. This is also favored by a number of genuine pro-Goldwater conservatives, who merely wish to do public honor to a splendid fellow-citizen who represented them so long and loyally in the Congress. But it is made to order for others who are out to undermine Goldwater support. In the rural counties, the straight Goldwater line has overwhelmingly carried. But at the Hennepin County (Minneapolis) convention, Judd gave the main address in his most spellbinding manner; the Goldwaterites staged an eighteen-minute all-out demonstration on the floor; there was a sharp struggle that ended in a Goldwater endorsement, but left much bitterness. (A parallel situation seems to be developing in Colorado with Sen. Gordon Allott as favorite son.)

¶ The Democrats have their local troubles, but they are automatically united for the Presidency, and seem to be getting together in most places for the local campaign. In Illinois and Minnesota there is no Democratic opposition to the renomination of incumbent governors Kerner and Rolvaag. On March 14 the Minnesota Democratic-Farmer-Labor Federation (as the Democratic Party is called there) held its annual Jefferson-Jackson Day meeting in Minneapolis, with 3,000 present for dinner and speeches. Senator McCarthy and Senator Humphrey—who most Minnesotans are convinced will be the Vice Presidential candidate—spoke, and the left-Liberals were in full control.

But the big event of the evening was the speech by Senator Edward Kennedy. Though so young in age and political seniority, Teddy Kennedy is already beginning to operate on a national scale, with much more flair and zest than his older brother Robert, now family head, has displayed. Teddy's Minneapolis appearance climaxed a week of barnstorming through the region. His personality and oratory have been enthusiastically acclaimed. "Speaking," reported Frank Wright on March 15 in the *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune*, "in a voice and style that reminded listeners of his brother, the late President John Kennedy, the Senator said, 'We are a long way from the American dream!'" He summoned his audience to the War Against Poverty and For Civil Rights; pointed with pride to the Peace Corps, the Test-Ban Treaty, the Wheat-Cotton Bill and the Tax Cut; and concluded ringingly, "The New Frontier must carry on!"

Next day in St. Paul the annual convention of James Patton's powerful and left-wing National Farmers Union opened. Ordered out from headquarters to the Minneapolis firing line were: Sargent Shriver, Orville Freeman, Averell Harriman, Hubert Humphrey, Eugene McCarthy, Gale McGee, and even John Kenneth Galbraith. Not one Republican was among those present. The farmers and stockraisers are the one voting section of the population that will probable be making less money this year, and Mr. Johnson is not yet ready to concede *any* votes.

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Letter from Africa

The Truth about Angola

THOMAS MOLNAR

I arrived in Luanda, the capital of Angola, after a tour of the former Belgian and French colonies. After Dakar, Abidjan, Brazzaville and Léopoldville, Luanda impresses the visitor with its orderliness and prosperity. The big cities of French-speaking Africa had seemed on the verge of disintegration, as if the will to keep them alive and growing were missing. But Luanda is active and bright—dynamic during the day and enchanting at night. With its glittering corniche circling the bay it reminds one of San Francisco.

In March 1961, terrorists organized by Holden Roberto in Congo-based camps struck unexpectedly across the border into northwestern Angola, burning down farms, mutilating whites and blacks alike, raping women, bashing in the skulls of children. The resistance of the predominantly native troops of the northwest garrisons saved the day; a month later reinforcements from Lisbon stopped Roberto's offensive. For the past two years military operations have attempted to seal off infiltration from the Congo and mop up the remaining traces of guerrilla activity—not an insuperable task for the roughly 40,000 Portuguese troops now stationed in Angola. However, Roberto's forces have weapons from the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, Algeria, Italy and the United States, and diplomatic support from the UN.

It is, of course, the terrorist war that has awakened the world's interest in Angola, but a visitor realizes in amazement that the war actually occupies only a small corner of a territory as immense as Western Europe. In Luanda, there is no trace of what Angolans call "The Events," and farther south, in the interior and along five hundred miles of coastline, a busy population thrives in the fields, on farms and plantations, and in various branches of industry. I visited the port of Lobito, where thousands of tons of Katangese copper and tin wait for loading; the workshops of the Benguela Railway; modern fisheries, breweries, automated silos, the mines of Cuima and Cassinga. I could visit resettled native refugees in rehabilitation camps where former terrorists work in excellent conditions and earn half of what they produce.

And everywhere Portuguese Angolans express the same conviction: that they are building a truly multiracial society, increasingly educated, industrious and cohesive. The problem, they will tell you, is not Holden Roberto's drugged terrorists, but building more roads, encouraging more foreign investment, more immigrants to populate the land. After all, they say, we Portuguese created Brazil, multiracial, young, vigorous. We have an overseas vocation; we are at home here.

Yet there is one point on which I disagree with my Angolan friends. They claim that all Angolans, black and white, are and feel Portuguese. My answer to that is that the black Angolan who today "feels Portuguese" may just as well feel "Angolan-nationalist" tomorrow.

The Portuguese argue that Holden Roberto has held sway in the North only, where unbridgeable tribal differences give him opportunity, and that those northern tribes who escaped Roberto's terror and Portuguese reprisals by fleeing to the Congo, are now returning to be resettled in cleaner, more spacious villages like the ones I visited. These are not "strategic hamlets" on the Vietnamese model, but regular villages with native chiefs, whose populations cultivate privately-owned coffee plantations. Once you can guarantee security and prosperity, the Portuguese insist, the terrorist threat dissolves. As for the South, they say it is untouched by revolt; in fact, the southern native is a loyal and reliable fighter against terrorist infiltration.

Yet, while Angolan laws have efficiently protected native laborers since at least 1928, everybody admits that "The Events" have powerfully contributed to the enactment of equal-treatment and welfare legislation. Thus indirectly, the UPA compelled the Portuguese administration and the private companies to improve conditions on a truly massive scale. Today, reason and humanity would dictate that this dynamic country remain under Portuguese control, but reason and humanity are no longer the operative factors in the African situation.

Every intelligent African, black or white, admits that the white man's presence on this continent is an absolute necessity for an indefinitely long time. But at least psychologically, African Negroes no longer accept a subordinate status. In Angola, as in metropolitan Portugal, there are black doctors, mayors, officers, legislators and businessmen, whereas in the Congo, at independence, there was not one black barber—only house boys and minor employees. Yet the UPA accuses the Portuguese of worse "colonialist" crimes than the Congolese bring up against the Belgians.

"We have no quarrel with the Portuguese," a youth leader at UPA headquarters in Léopoldville told me, "only with their colonialist system under which our Angolan brothers suffer and die." I knew that the Angolans did not suffer, and that humiliation was often as isolated as it was significant; and told him so. I asked him whether he thought the Portuguese would stay on in an independent Angola. In order to play the make-believe game that is now official in Africa, he had to give the make-believe answer, and he did: yes, those Portuguese who are friends and would take out Angolan citizenship would stay and be welcome. But in my mind's eye I saw the lights of Luanda go out under careless city management, grass grow again in the streets as it does in Léopoldville, and insecurity with its twin, demagogy, take control. I remembered the words of the charming elderly administrator of Baia Farta, a fifth-generation Angolan white man with a lovely colored wife: "We cannot and will not leave Angola. We are Angolans whether black or white. We will stay, or we will die with rifles in our hands."

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Patriotism: A Freudian Dissection

M. STANTON EVANS

The death of James V. Forrestal, America's first Secretary of Defense, remains one of the great mysteries of the Cold War era. It is known that Forrestal, in late May 1949, plunged to destruction from the sixteenth floor of the Bethesda Naval Hospital; that he had in the preceding months suffered both mental and physical deterioration; that his friends and an attending physician testified he believed himself a "failure" and exhibited suicidal tendencies.

What is not known is why Forrestal should have been found with his bathrobe cord knotted around his neck (had he wanted to jump out the window, he had no need for the cord; had he wanted to hang himself, he had no need of a window); why, if he had suicidal tendencies, he should have been placed in a sixteenth-floor room and allowed to reach an unbarred window; why friends, including his priest, were denied permission to visit him; and why, in the months preceding his death, he was subjected to a vicious and brutalizing assault on his character.

Forrestal was a colorful and dramatic figure, a man of wide interests, tough intellect, and unflagging dedication. He was, above all else, the most unyielding and prescient anti-Communist in the higher echelons of the New and Fair Deals. He tried to alert others in government to the dangers of Communism; kept a dossier on federal employees about whom there was evidence of pro-Communist sympathy; argued that we should keep Moscow from dealing itself in on the spoils of the Pacific war; opposed efforts to put our atomic know-how into the hands of the Communists; urged American armed preparedness to prevent Soviet expansion in Europe and Asia.

James Forrestal: A Study of Personality, Politics, and Policy, by Arnold A. Rogow. Macmillan, $6.95

For pursuing this course when many of his colleagues were seeking rapprochement with the Kremlin, Forrestal was attacked as a "fascist" and a tool of Wall Street—the second charge gaining currency in certain quarters owing to Forrestal's background as the boy wonder of American finance at the investment house of Dillon, Read and Co. This assault came to a crescendo in January 1949, when Forrestal was seeking reappointment as Truman's Secretary of Defense. That same month, he was told he would not be reappointed, and on March 1 he was asked to submit his resignation. From that point forward, Forrestal, by common testimony, deteriorated rapidly, and on the morning of May 22, he was found dead.

That his public career and private tragedy were intimately related seems clear enough. How they were related is less so. Some Forrestal intimates (like Lewis Strauss) believe he simply wore himself out with excessive effort. Others (like General Albert Wedemeyer) believe he was despondent over America's rudderless course in the Cold War. Some of more conspiratorial mind theorize that he was deliberately driven to suicide, or murdered outright. To resolve such questions, to establish the link between Forrestal's strenuous labors and his tragic decline, is a task worthy of scholarly notice and painstaking inquiry. It is a task undertaken, with resounding lack of success, by Arnold A. Rogow, Associate Professor of Political Science at Stanford University.

Rogow begins by noting the variant interpretations given Forrestal's death and the cloud of mystery within which they flourish. But he does nothing to dispel the confusion. Instead, he sets out to establish Forrestal's problem as one of mental illness, and to trace all his triumphs and failures to a common origin in his unhappy childhood. Forrestal's mother, we are told, was strict, domineering and a religious zealot. As any good Freudian knows, such a background was bound to make Forrestal "insecure," eager to prove his independence and his toughness. The problem is thus easily resolved, since Forrestal's drive for success, his fabulous endurance, his suspicion of Moscow and his ultimate collapse may all be referred unerringly to "early psychic deprivation."

To support this excursion into psychoanalysis, Rogow offers a stew of Freudian clichés: *"Did Forrestal understand why he worked sixteen hours a day? . . . this fatal flaw in his personality . . . perhaps uncertain of his masculinity . . . to be militant was to be masculine . . . all his life Forrestal had difficulty relating to and accepting authority . . . a taut personality,"* etc. But he offers precious little evidence. Of detail from Forrestal's childhood, there is a single anecdote (Forrestal hit his brother with a toy, and hid from his mother because he knew he would be punished)—which can be duplicated from a round million childhoods which issued neither in the Cabinet nor in a crusade against Communism. There is abundant evidence that Forrestal wanted to make money, liked Princeton, did not talk about his commonplace antecedents, and refused money from home. All of which proves that Forrestal, like many other Americans, had within him a large streak of Jay Gatsby. But does it prove that his social climbing was traceable to a draconian mother, or that it was the stuff of mental illness? Rogow himself records the history of Forrestal's two brothers, one of whom was a

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Random Notes

● MOVIES: The director and writer who collaborated to make the superb *Tom Jones,* Tony Richardson and John Osborne, now turn to *The Charge of the Light Brigade,* for United Artists. . . . Meanwhile, a projected *Moll Flanders,* ten years on the shelf, has been dusted off, sold to J. Arthur Rank, and Roland Kibbes has fallen upon the screen play with orders to come up with something very like *Tom Jones* . . . . Mary Ellen Bute, the abstract film lady, reports that she has almost finished a movie of Joyce's *Finnegans Wake,* privately financed ($250,000). No plans have as yet been made for general distribution. . . . Grand casting news: Zero Mostel will impersonate Hercule Poirot in Metro's film of Agatha Christie's *ABC Murders,* to be shot in their English studios. . . . Gregory Markopoulos, whose *Twice a Man* (a revised version, with sound) won a $2,000 prize at the recent Belgian Festival of Experimental Films at Knokke, has just finished *The Death of Hemingway.* . . . Red China and France have begun exchanging films, five French flicks for every two Chinese. As the quilted-suited idealists have banned *l'amour* as capitalist frivolity, one wonders just what Peking intends to do with their side of the bargain.

● ACADEMICA CINEMATOGRAPHICA: Eileen O'Dare and Mrs. William Lear, widow and daughter of Ole Olsen, plan to donate the 25,000 volumes of theatrical history which Olsen collected with Chic Johnson during the forty years of their hilarious conjunction. Recipient as yet unnamed. The collection covers four centuries of the history of comedy. . . . Sir Laurence Olivier will soon become an LL.D. at Edinburgh.

● BOOKS: François Mauriac calls the biography of de Gaulle on which he's presently working, "the most significant work of my career." . . . From William Morrow and Co., in May, Elspeth Huxley's *With Forks and Hope: An African Notebook* ($5.95), an account by our expert observer of East Africa. . . . Bees and wasps, we are told in Roger Caras' *Dangerous to Man,* kill more Americans every year than snakes, and sheep aren't to be trusted, either. A guide to the animals' unfriendliness to man, Chilton Books, for June, $10. . . . Also from Chilton, Lester Cohen's racy account of Bernarr Macfadden's tabloid of tabloids, back when journalism was bright yellow, $5.95. . . . Max Rafferty, state superintendent of public education in California, who has taken his cudgel to John Dewey and all his works, argues for a return to "the three R's, discipline, patriotism, and enlightened enquiry" in *What They Are Doing to Your Children* (New American Library, $3.95). . . . William Golding's new novel, *The Spire,* about "a totally obsessed will," is to appear in April (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95).

● ERUPTIO CONCLAMANTE: Our man in the blue grass reports that a fine old Kentucky gentleman, sipping coffee and reading his newspaper in the club car of the B. & O., suddenly cried out to his fellows, "But Chester A. Arthur slept in that room, too!"

musician and aesthete, the other a Rotarian extravert who played football and went happily into the family business. Were those two careers, so different from Forrestal's own and from each other, also foreordained by Mary Toohey Forrestal's demanding morality? If not, the argument from childhood fails; if so, the argument can be made to explain anything.

Zeroing in on Forrestal's anti-Communism, Rogow's argument is almost a parody of itself, so heavy-handed is the "analysis":

> . . . it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Forrestal's personality needs and policy recommendations were closely related. The Cold War, no matter how inevitable, provided him with an arena for the play of transference and projection. Anxieties and insecurities, regardless of personal source, could become focused on Soviet behavior and be partially appeased by a stubborn insistence on a "tough" foreign and military policy. Suspicions of all sorts readily attached themselves to real or alleged Communist conspiracies at home and abroad, and fear directed at the Soviet Union could appear to be wholly sane and rational. Until the last few months of his life, Forrestal could impress almost everyone as a "reasonable" man because it was "reasonable," in the context of the Cold War, to feel anxious, insecure, suspicious, and fearful. Above all, it was "reasonable" to appear "tough," to warn against compromises and concessions, and to talk of "forcing the issue" and the necessity of "showdown."

In thus arguing Professor Rogow obviously follows the lead of such pioneers as the Overstreets, Richard Hofstadter, and the compilers of *The Authoritarian Personality,* who have made it their business to brand departures from Liberal orthodoxy as a sign of mental illness. But he has gone his predecessors one better by attaching the theory to a particular historical figure, a dangerous business even when the circumstances seem favorable. On the one hand, there is the juicy fact that Forrestal did suffer a mental breakdown; on the other, there is the embarrassment that all his suspicions about Communism have been vindicated by history. Professor Rogow avoids the difficulty by speaking of Communist machinations as if they were phenomena in Forrestal's mind rather than objective realities (while the names Laurence Duggan, Lauchlin Currie, and Harry Dexter White appear in the book, no mention is made of their identification as members of the Soviet *apparat* in the American government; Alger Hiss, a Forrestal contemporary in the New and Fair Deals who also made headlines in 1949, is not mentioned at all).

There is more to Professor Rogow's book than the mental illness theme, much of it simply a biographical and historical survey of Forrestal and his times. And so long as the author sticks to fact he gives us an accurate and instructive evocation of his subject. But it is the lurid thesis of anti-Communism-as-sickness to which he has oriented his book, and it is this thesis which is his undoing. Clinical insanity is a disorder in which the mind withdraws from reality, imposing its own fantasies on the phenomenal universe. Paranoia is a subspecies in which the afflicted mind con-

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vinces itself it is being persecuted, and weaves all events, however irrelevant or innocent, into a pattern of conspiracy. Liberals have seized upon the existence of this illness to argue (when it suits them) that anyone who believes in a conspiracy is *ipso facto* crazy (Whittaker Chambers and Edward Teller, it is interesting to note, have also been described as "paranoids").

The point about paranoia, however, is not the belief itself, but the fact that the belief does not correspond to events in the real world. There are, after all, such things as conspiracies. Cicero's orations against Catiline were evidence of sanity and eminent concern for his country; Lorenzo de' Medici would have been crazy if he had *not* suspected the Pazzi; Hamilton's warnings against Burr were traceable not to an obscure parentage but to a vindicated certainty that Burr meant no good to the infant American nation.

So, prior to his breakdown, with Forrestal's attitude to the Communists. When, in the mid-forties, he spoke out against the Communist conspiracy and demanded stern measures to guard against it, he was merely looking at the evidence which loomed before him; the liquidation of the kulaks, the invasion of Finland, the Moscow purge trials, the Hitler-Stalin pact, the rape of Poland, and a long skein of demolished treaties, were all facts of history. When in the postwar era he struggled to impart a sense of urgency to his Washington colleagues, the record was clearer still. The Kremlin had established control of Eastern Europe; violated the Yalta and Potsdam agreements in the hour of their birth; funneled aid to the Chinese Communists; and was busily liquidating elements who stood in the way of its designs. True "illness" when confronted by that terrible reality was not to warn against it, but to pretend it didn't exist; to withdraw, as did a large segment of American Liberalism, into a world of prepossession where Communists are "mellowing" or "agrarian reformers" —anything, that is, except what they in fact were and are.

The real question to which Professor Rogow ought to have addressed himself is not why Forrestal perceived a danger which was there, but why so many other people did not perceive it—and apparently do not perceive it to this day.

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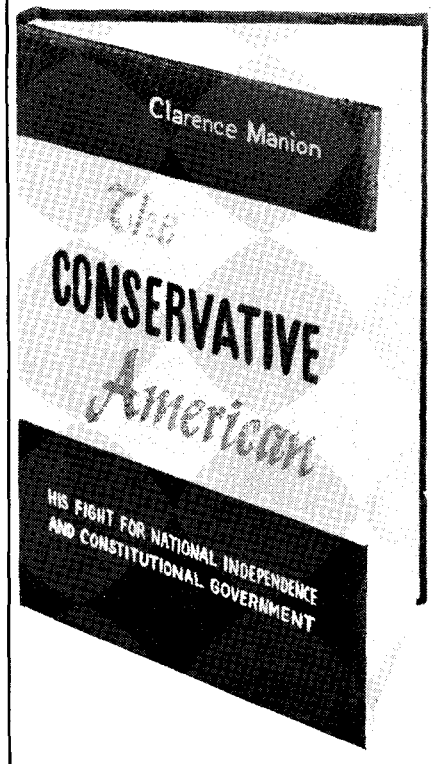

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Fiction

Elective Affinities and the Primrose Path

GUY DAVENPORT

MAN, THE ANIMAL THAT WRITES, has been at work on his autobiography since the Eastern branch of the family, somewhere deep in the Middle Flower Kingdom, invented a way to carve graphs upon bone for the sung vowels and pinging consonants of Archaic Chinese. The Western kin began writing near Port Said, strictly for commercial reasons. If you are so minded, you may reasonably trace the preoccupation of Western literature with property rights, and even the novel's obsession with real estate and matrimony, to our alphabet's original purpose, the scribbling of waybills, trademarks, and receipts.

Radcliffe, by David Storey. Coward-McCann, $4.95

Jubb, by Keith Waterhouse. Putnam, $3.95

Elective Affinities, by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Regnery, $5.95

The novel, a very late use to which the counting-house symbols have been put, has proved to be the most versatile form man has found for recording the anguish of his existence, yet it still has but two subjects and an appropriate form for each, the business trip (*The Golden Ass, Don Quixote, Humphrey Clinker*) and the contention over property and inheritance (*Dombey and Son, Wuthering Heights, The Brothers Karamazov*), which, when it involves human beings, is charmingly called love.

This simplification can at least enlighten us as to why the novel repeats itself endlessly, capable of changing its format but never its form. The three novels under scrutiny here are disguised versions of each other, and each alludes, quite consciously, to other novels. Mr. Storey begins *Radcliffe*, a novel set in the Brontë latitudes, by translating the first page of *Madame Bovary*. He manages to combine with the Brontë weather the favorite miseries of that other Yorkshire Romantic, D. H. Lawrence—for *Radcliffe* is, in one sense, *Sons and Lovers* all over again, with the ghost of Oedipus snuggled a bit closer to the page. The title alludes to the Gothic authoress of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, from which Mr. Storey has borrowed a haunted castle on a bleak hill, a sexual monster, spooky rumblings underground to scare the reader, and an incredible plot. For *Radcliffe*, with all its modernity and air of now-it-can-be-written, is, by rote, a Gothic novel.

IT IS CONCERNED with a frail artist from a once aristocratic family who falls in love with a muscular, inarticulate common laborer (who himself is in love with a motorcycle). This savage, polymorphously sexual, delights in humiliating his weakling admirers, especially a pitiful pub clown (right out of Dickens) whose despair leads him to butcher his wife and children (dear old Thomas Hardy!) and his children by his elder daughter, plus himself. The savage is murdered by our weakling hero, with a hammer.

Antique Gothic made a ghost story out of adultery and rape, which were themselves the early novel's attempt to spice the romance of courtly love. When every possible twist had been performed with the intricacies of heterosexual love, the Romantics turned to abnormalities to flesh out the possibilities for a plot. At this point Mr. Storey inherited his formula. He narrates these unusual doings sombrely, at a snail's pace. Mr. Storey has yet to master the description of motion, and one is never certain what the characters are up to, even when one had rather not know. Dreiser alone, perhaps, has written more inept prose, a prose that has deteriorated in control since Mr. Storey's *This Sporting Life*.

Yet the novel is a serious one and makes a sincere if fumbling statement about the English propensity to

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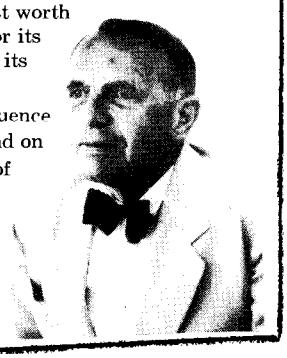

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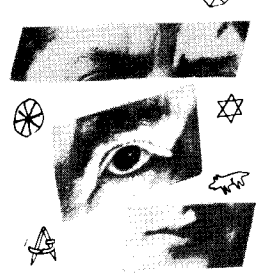

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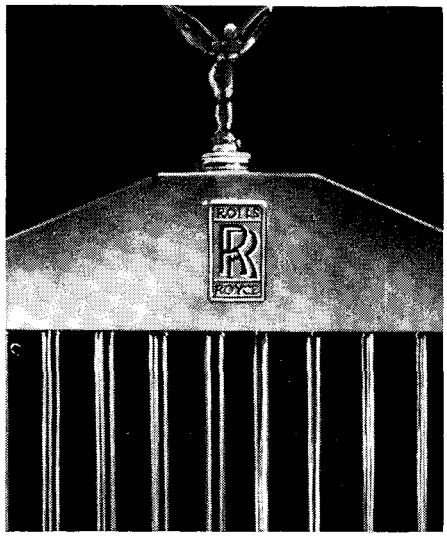

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"Singer Caterina Valente refers to herself as 'a musical goulash.' Born in Paris of an Italian mother (who was educated in Russia) and an Italian father (who grew up in Sweden) she married a German juggler and now lives in Switzerland when she isn't wowing audiences on every continent. Right now, she is packing them in at New York's Persian Room, her first U. S. public appearance in eight years. Valente can say 'I only know six languages' in eleven languages."

From a recent Newsweek Music column.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
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Newsweek

see something Zolaesque in friendship, to keep sex under the heading of squalor and dirt, and to take High Victorian Grundyism literally: that any weakness of the flesh consequently involves total depravity.

Keith Waterhouse's satire *Jubb* demonstrates this same English syndrome in a quiet, mousy suburbanite ("Young man," he advertises on a bulletin board, "interested in photography, plastics, unorthodox interests, seeks pen friend") who is merely Mr. Leopold Bloom all over again. With the polish of Mack Sennett, Mr. Waterhouse propels the owlish Jubb through every comic ploy known to the trade. He is misunderstood at every turn; he seriously misunderstands himself. Hallucinated by prurience, taken in by the salacious and empty promises of our civilization's organized titillation, he persists in his quest for Romance until he is damned as a Peeping Tom, pervert, corruptor of youth, and seducer of wives.

Jubb is too shy and too trapped in fantasy to have got to first base with any of these accomplishments. Mr. Waterhouse is a satirist of the old school, laughing loudest where man is most foolish, depicting every character—and what a gallery of diligent buffoons they are!—with a perfect, Jonsonian sense of the folly to which each has committed himself with all the determination and despair of a cat swallowing a string.

To turn from two British studies in *Sexuellpolitik* to Goethe's *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* of 1808 — newly translated by Elizabeth Mayer and Louise Bogan—is to see clearly the emergence of the modern novel as a clinic of the passes and retreats of biological possession. Long before Zola would claim the authority of science for his case histories of the wayward soul, Goethe saw that the "elective affinities" of chemistry—he called it "natural philosophy"—could be discerned in humanity. Here, in essentially a sentimental novel, he traces the attractions and repulsions of animal heat in a group of cultivated people, an aristocrat who adds an engineer to his household, for friendship's sake, and his wife, who adds a complementary girl companion. Let the husband be A; his wife, B; the engineer, C; the girl, D. A loves B but needs the company of C and hopes C will marry D. These strategies maintain for B, but A

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comes to hanker for D; D for A; C loves B. A goes off to the wars; D accidentally drowns the infant of A and B; B scrupulously refuses to elope with C; D dies of grief; A follows her in death. To see love as a matter of affinities, the heart adhering like iron to magnet after magnet, is the anguish which the Western novel has rendered an account of for two centuries.

Nor is the tale told yet. How innocent the magnet, how guilty the helpless heart? Which, of course, is to put the question one way only. Messrs. Waterhouse and Storey extend the account to include magnets that are inhuman and wholly irrational, as if the silly heart can thrust its love—or worse, be compelled beyond the accommodation of social context—on anything at all (Jubb likes raincoats). Goethe at least places his confusion of hearts in an interesting world where one gardens, reads and converses. Suburban man, with nothing but the random trash of quotidian trivia to occupy mind and hand, capsizes the spirit in flesh. Human behavior, after all, depends on the civilization in which it moves, and man has yet to come up with a substitute for civilization. An old-fashioned moralist might point out, with a minimum of cruelty in his irony, that these novels about hopeless and destructive affinities merely demonstrate again that the Devil can always find something for idle hands to do.

Heredity and Intellect

A. JAMES GREGOR

THE GEOGRAPHY OF INTELLECT is a contribution to what has become known as the "nature-nurture controversy"—and the authors have taken up their cudgels in behalf of "nature." Their theses are not unfamiliar: 1) the same laws of heredity apply to mental as to physical traits and 2) as individual men vary in their natural endowments, "races, peoples and classes are unequally endowed genetically with mental resources."

These theses, as well as the component arguments mustered in their support, have been in contention for years. As the authors indicate, while every educated person agrees that genius, amentia or dementia is the combined consequence of heredity *and* environment, there is a legitimate area of disagreement surrounding the quantitative issue of the comparative weight of each. While the law governing the transmission of genic materials is the same whether we are concerned with physical or psychic traits, the influence of the environment over the latter is certainly quantitatively, if not qualitatively, different, although the measure of influence exerted by the socio-cultural environment has not been determined to the satisfaction of the majority of specialists in the disciplines concerned. This must be conceded, irrespective of the authors' commendable efforts to relate individual and group psychic differences to neurophysiological bases.

Reports on differential brain mass, structure and cerebral cytoarchitecture are important and interesting, but alone do not provide compelling evidence for the contention that individual and group variations are essentially hereditary and/or indices of differential psychic potential since 1) most cerebral anatomists are not convinced that individual and group differences cannot be the result of prenatal and neonatal environment (vitaminosis, particularly protein deficiency, for example, might significantly influence the differentiation and development in the foetus of the extremely sensitive neural components

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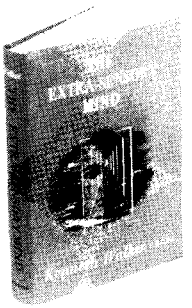

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which ultimately constitute the cerebral cortex, thereby impairing the psychic potentialities of the organism of life) and 2) there does not seem to be any undisputed mental correlate to the "primitive" features of Negroid and Capoid brains. We simply do not know enough about the function of the human brain to be able to argue with complete confidence from differential statistical frequencies of brain mass and structure between groups (even if these findings were not subject to methodological and procedural reservations) to differential intellectual potential.

Intelligence tests do not, in their turn, offer undisputed proof of either individual or group differentials in *native* (more accurately, *genetic*) potential. Intelligence tests are designed to provide the basis for predictions concerning individual or group performance with respect to a specific range of tasks (generally academic in character). As such they do not pretend to tell us anything about the hereditary genotype of the individual or individuals concerned. So many factors enter into the determination of adult intelligence and temperament that any definitive judgments about their innateness are somewhat hazardous. Nonetheless, the account given by the authors merits attention, for it is closely reasoned and well documented.

MORE INTERESTING, perhaps, for an intelligent appraisal of the work we are here considering is the suggestion made by the authors that social institutions can effect an "immense transformation" in individual or group behavior traits (in the authors' specific case, institutionalized "brainwashing" engineered in Red China). The authors are apparently prepared to admit that such personality transformations can be effected. If such is the case, one can legitimately wonder what the effect of living in a society with which he cannot identify might be upon the developing intellect and personality of the Negro child. We have good evidence that by two-and-a-half to four years of age, the majority of Negro children in the United States have a manifest sense of their own inferiority. Even if some significant index of material equivalency is offered, can it be said with any assurance in the administration of intelligence or personality tests that the "environment" of the white

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child and the Negro child is the same in any exhaustive sense? Would a pervasive sense of one's own inferiority not militate against initiative, against emotional and psychological adjustment?

If such considerations have bearing on the assessment of individual and group potential with respect to psychometrically measured intelligence, their bearing is more emphatic still in the consideration of emotional or temperamental traits, whether individual or collective. The authors indicate that the American Negro evinced a passivity in his role as a slave. When this passivity is compared with the well-organized, well-executed and enduring Negro slave rebellions which fill the history of slavery in Brazil, the role of institutions in influencing behavioral responses becomes manifest.

Similarly, one of the most surprising features of the Nazi extermination of the Jews in Europe was the fact that there was no recorded instance of organized resistance on the part of the Jews even though they were aware of being marked for destruction. It would be difficult to argue that the Jews were, for example, innately passive on such evidence. The evident influence of the institutional situation would be a more adequate explanation of their behavior than an argument from collective genetic character. All such considerations impair the conclusiveness of demonstrations of innate, natural or "instinctual" character traits from evidence of manifest behavior. Individuals and groups (like the Chinese and Jews) convinced of their capacity, possessed of an historical record of cultural achievement, raised in an environment of relative institutional benignity, would be expected to evince a more positive response to life's tasks, when compared to less fortunate groups.

The authors are, of course, well aware of these considerations. Their conclusions are almost always qualified by a "perhaps," a "maybe" and a "seem to have." They have admittedly *emphasized* the innate differences among individuals and groups (which it would seem all investigators are ready to admit). Dispute arises when one tenders a judgment of the *significance* of these differences. The service the authors have performed is that of having articulated, in prose both well conceived and well delivered, the argument for *significant* differences between classes and races. Where experimental data lends itself to alternative interpretations, the political, religious and philosophical crotchets of the individual scientist seem to exercise determinate influence. In our own time Liberalism seems to be the most socially acceptable academic stance and most social scientists seem disposed to accept with assurance the premise of the fundamental genetic equality of individuals as well as groups.

That such an assumption is questionable is eloquently argued by Weyl and Possony. To base social policy on that assumption is hazardous at best. The intelligent reader would do well to stock his armory with arguments provided by the authors in the service of right reason and unbiased judgment. Pressed into service as a foil against Liberal enthusiasts the volume has every promise of continued serviceability. But its judgments must be carefully qualified, as they have been, in part, by the authors themselves. The work literally teems with little-known facts fashioned into a speculative theory of history, and it tells a story the Liberals will not tell. One should lend it a conservative ear.

Theater

Hollow Heart of a Hollow Drama

NATHAN COHEN

VERY FEW PLAYS have been awaited with as much expectation as Arthur Miller's *After the Fall*. Partly, the interest arose from the fact that it was the inaugural play of the most ambitious repertory venture ever tried in New York, the Lincoln

Center repertory theater (a regular company doing plays on a rotating schedule). In part, it issued from this being Mr. Miller's first drama in nine years and his reputation as a writer whose work relates to the central social issues of our day. Mostly though, since nothing whets interest like curiosity about the private lives of public individuals, it was because the play was known to be about Mr. Miller himself, and to deal among other things with his marriage to the film star and sex symbol, the late Marilyn Monroe.

Mr. Miller has disclaimed at prolix and ambiguous length any connection in his play between fiction and fact. He protests too much. *After the Fall* is aggressively autobiographical. But the point is of no consequence critically. It may be in bad taste for a man to tell us what went on in the privacy of his bedroom, and to blame a woman dead and defenseless for a marital bust-up, but it is not necessarily bad art. Strindberg, too, went digging into the disorder of his domestic experiences to find dramatic inspiration. So did O'Neill, though one can argue whether *Long Day's Journey Into Night* is of durable value.

What matters is not the source of the material, however dubious it may be on the grounds of common decency, but what happens to that material when it is filtered and negotiated through the author's imagination. The work must be judged for its own quality. It is when you consider it in this perspective that *After the Fall* is most deficient. *A View from the Bridge* showed a sharp decline in Mr. Miller's capabilities. Nine years later, *After the Fall* confirms the depth of his descent. Seldom has there been such a chasm between conception and execution, between arrogance of aim and pettiness and insufficiency of achievement.

In purpose, *After the Fall* is the description of one man's adventure in self-discovery, a journey which purports to constitute, too, a record

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of the travails of the modern American intellectual Liberal. In method, the play is a dramatized monologue. The entire action takes place in the mind of the protagonist, Quentin, a lawyer, and consists of a number of overlapping and bisecting memories recalled to an unidentified, unseen listener, conceivably an analyst, but unquestionably, too, the theater audience, directly addressed. We do not, that is, ever see Quentin in objectively described or concrete conflicts, but only as he sees himself. And of course we see all events and all the other characters through his eyes, as he pictures and judges them.

These people have no existence of their own. They are only what Quentin says they are, and each seeks to devour him. His father, a bankrupt businessman trying frantically to re-establish himself, wants Quentin's understanding and assistance. His disappointed mother ferociously desires Quentin's love and his public success. One old friend from his fellow-traveling days, summoned to the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and meaning to defy it, morally compels Quentin to be his counsel.

Then there are his wives—the first, a frozen, resentful woman, utterly ignorant of Quentin except as provider and husband, the second a promiscuous popular singer, ashamed of her sex goddess status, who has taken to drinking and drugs. Now he is thinking of marrying again, this time a European girl who had experience with the anti-Hitler movement. But he is apprehensive, haunted by a sense of failure and mistrust. He has failed so often, has let down so many people. Can he trust himself again? Dare he take the risk of another personal relationship?

Here is Mr. Miller's giant flaw. Although Quentin says he is a failure, he does not for a moment mean it. The play, all three hours of it, is in fact Quentin's self-vindication. It was not his fault his first two marriages went wrong. He tried to make a go of them; the women were really at fault. Eventually he came to hate his mother, but considering the kind of person she was, who can blame him? He had contempt for his father, but then the man was an hysterical weakling and did not really deserve better.

True, he is remorseful that he felt relief when the academician killed himself—Quentin did not relish representing a Fifth Amendment witness—and he regrets his condemnation of his friend who "named names" to the investigators. But his involvement was minor in both instances and anyway he was not responsible for the suicide. His conscience is clear. He has accused himself without cause. Nothing that happened was really his fault. The risk is not that great. Now he has faith in himself and a third marriage.

It is a fatuous conclusion to come to, but then Quentin's thinking is fatuous all the way through. While we have no idea what any of the other characters are actually like, by the time the play ends we know beyond doubt that Quentin is not at all the man Quentin thinks he is, and that Mr. Miller thinks he is. He is not a man of profound, complex urges and views. He is too shallow and illogical in his reasoning to be an intellectual, and his Liberalism is a reflex action rather than a considered attitude. He is in fact vain and cold, disdainful of the human race, incapable of giving of himself to others, far more a cannibal than those he accuses of eating him alive. Certainly he is incapable of being the heroic center of any play.

Credit Elia Kazan, who has directed *After the Fall* in the steeply-raked, open-stage playhouse in Washington Square which is the Lincoln Center repertory theater's temporary home, with an eloquent effort. Possibly no one else could have done as much with the play. The crude, one-sided scenes between Quentin and his songstress wife, which dominate the second part, develop to a stunning climax. Despite the lack of enough exits and entrances, the players move in arresting, fluently composed images over the naked, terraced platforms.

Among the cast Barbara Loden as the destructive, doomed singer, Salome Jens as the compassionate German girl (Quentin always likes his wives before he marries them), Paul Mann as Quentin's father, and Ralph Meeker as the cooperative witness are all commendable. But Jason Robards, who is on stage the whole playing time, can do nothing with Quentin to disguise that Quentin is insincere and selfish, high on self-esteem, low on self-analysis. He is the hollow heart of a badly-designed and hollow dramatic structure.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND IDEAS, by John Wain (St. Martin's, $5.75). The author's major investment in this collection of brief, homely essays is an attempt to define a critical position between the slick transparency of the "ad men" and the complex and "fashionable opacity" of the academics. The middle ground he chooses to occupy yields, typically, the kind of piece one finds as an introduction to a fifty-cent paperbound poetry anthology: safe, polite and thin, a convention of majority opinion culled from the literary handbooks and condensed biographies. Wain on Pope, Byron, George Ade, Orwell, and contemporary British dramatists is never irresponsible and always admirably disinterested. His arguments for art as its own excuse in a "consumer-oriented" culture and against prose that aspires to wear "the poem's guise at last" are sensible. And when he says that he upholds the virtues of generosity and warmth of spirit in a writer, who is to say nay? But the middle ground, for all its propriety and neatness, commits Wain to an imaginative timidity, and his examinations are unexcited, undernourished, and anonymous. Only once does he give over the superficial approach: in a few pages of his essay on Gerard Manley Hopkins, he cracks the surface of his subject to reveal a community of relationships in Hopkins, Lear, Hodgson, Chesterton's Father Brown, and Sherlock Holmes.

R. BEMIS

FROM THE SILENT EARTH: *A Report on the Greek Bronze Age*, by Joseph Alsop (Harper, $7.50). Joseph Alsop is a political columnist by vocation and an amateur of archaeology by avocation. It is a pleasure to report that this summation of the present state of knowledge on Hellas in the Mycenaean age is as solidly satisfactory as his Liberal journalism is spasmodically irritating. This book is a model of presentation of the latest results of scholarship to an intelligent lay audience. Clearly, succinctly, and with an absorbing narrative style, Mr. Alsop recounts the results of Michael Ventris' deciphering of the Linear B tablets of Knossos and Pylos; he describes the great changes ensuing therefrom in our understanding of the transitional age from Minoan to Hellenic civilization; and he quietly and modestly assesses the scholarly controversies which have arisen concerning interpretation of the new material.

F. S. MEYER

THE TWO VIETNAMS: *A Political and Military Analysis*, by Bernard Fall (Praeger, $7.95). Despite a silly Utopianism with respect to the possibilities of democracy in backward countries and an unswerving naïveté with respect to the ultimate single-mindedness of world Communism, Bernard Fall stands as one of the most perceptive and learned military-political analysts of our time. His forte is irregular warfare: *The Two Vietnams*, his *Street Without Joy* (Stackpole), and a superb analysis contained in the American edition of *The Viet Cong Insurrection Manual* (Praeger), taken together, are indispensable for any understanding of irregular, revolutionary-political warfare. Fall offers (inadvertently) one pretty good solution to the present conflict in Vietnam: "the North, despite all its disciplined hordes of toilers and its battle-wise People's Army, is still a fragile edifice that could be reduced to rubble in a single 'conventional' fire raid by the American aircraft right now on Okinawa, Taiwan, the Philippines, and in Thailand and South Vietnam"—a solution which does not recommend itself to him because of his acceptance of the conglomerate Liberal myth regarding Soviet reaction to any openly aggressive American foreign policy. Should Fall ever seriously consider the ideological and the military-political conflict-theorists of Communism, he would doubtless embrace this policy; more important, he would be fully capable of *detailing* a strategy and amalgam of tactics designed to confront, neutralize and/or dismantle the worldwide Bolshevik enterprise. The result would be a Herman Kahn of non-total warfare. Here we have a much-needed Cold War expert.

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To the Editor

Answers for Conservatives

Thank you for "Answers for Conservatives" [Feb. 25]. You presented Senator Goldwater's views clearly and logically. I had always believed that the Senator was getting "sensationalized" press which did not necessarily report his complete view on any one subject. Your article confirmed my belief.

Knoxville, Tenn. BILL REDDING

An otherwise superb *vade mecum* for conservatives on the defensive, "Answers for Conservatives" stumbled slightly in its defense of Senator Goldwater's position on TVA when contrasted with his support for CAP (the Central Arizona Project). The deficiency, alas, is not *NR*'s, but the Senator's.

The CAP bill sponsored by the Senator fixes interest rates for the project at three per cent. TVA pays interest on the average annual rate paid by the Federal Government; this was 3.285 per cent last year. Contrary to what many believe, TVA does pay "taxes"—five per cent of its income from electricity sales to all sources except government plants like the AEC installation at Oak Ridge is annually paid by TVA to states and counties in lieu of taxes. The CAP bill makes no provision for comparable payments.

The primary objective of TVA was flood control. But CAP will irrigate vast areas—at vast expense—and add to present swollen farm surpluses. Opponents of CAP also point out that most of the areas to be irrigated are considerably above the source of the water. They allege that nearly one-third of the electricity produced by the giant Bridge Canyon Dam (cost: $1 billion) will be used to pump water uphill.

CAP is basically a huge federal subsidy to an already opulent state. TVA, at least initially, had the justification that the area was impoverished; and more than one state was involved.

Prima facie, then, it would appear that a wasteful socialistic power scheme is one in somebody else's district.

Toronto, Ont. DONALD COXE

I believe "Answers for Conservatives" could have been more appropriately titled, "How to Avoid Putting One's Conservative Foot in One's Equally Conservative Mouth." If I may, I would like to make a recommendation for a sequel. Since the conservative, when backed into a corner, is often asked for concrete solutions to complex world and national affairs, why not publish an article titled, "How to Avoid Giving Constructive Suggestions" or, "How to Continue to Pass Off Stale, Negative Complaints as Cure-Alls to World Problems." I am sure that your avid readers would fall on their knees in [gratitude] for saving them future anguish.

I look forward to more comical articles like "Answers for Conservatives."

Teaneck, N.J. VINCENT M. SALVATORE

NR at Sea

Your editorial "Praise the Lord and Pass That Jug . . ." [Feb. 25] was a little low in salt, *viz*:

a) Destroyers do not circle "racing carriers," in fact, have a hard time keeping up with them, since the flank speeds of carriers are higher than those of most destroyers. Only inexperienced sailors would try a maneuver like this—like the Australians.

b) Possibly by "hogsheads" the writer meant "hedgehogs"? In any case, for water storage, I'd recommend depth charges, which have a higher cubic capacity.

Lowry AFB, Colo. JOHN BURNHAM

The Burden of Guilt

Since November 22, NATIONAL REVIEW has had a number of occasions to deplore attempts to implicate right-wing elements in the assassination via a dubious "climate-of-hate" theory. This is perfectly proper; Oswald's ideological orientation was unquestionably Marxist. Let the Left clean its own house before trying to foist responsibility on the Right.

But instead of contenting itself with this legitimate protest, *NR* has gone further. When leading leftists (most recently Dwight Macdonald) were candid enough to state publicly what must have passed through the mind of many a Liberal—the wish that the assassination had been perpetrated by a rightist—*NR*'s comments [Feb. 25] had the character of both a gleeful chuckle and a moralistic finger-shaking. Surely this is either psychological naïveté or political hypocrisy. In some quarters, the responsible Left is certain to be smeared with the deeds of its lunatics, and the quite natural reaction is for the Left to wish it could give Oswald away. Perhaps there were even a few responsible rightists who secretly wished that Byron De La Beckwith, indicted for the murder of Medgar Evers in Mississippi, had turned out to be

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a Communist instead of an adamant white-supremacist and self-confessed "ultra-conservative," but who never mustered the candor to make their sentiments public (undoubtedly for fear they would be quoted and chortled over, at the offices of the *New Republic*).

It is one thing to attempt willfully to lay one's own guilt at another's door; it is quite another merely to wish it had been at that door in the first place. Whereas the one is an irresponsible charge, the other is, after all, only a normal psychological reaction. *NR* would do well to preserve the distinction instead of implying that Macdonald's frankly stated wish nullifies his admonishment of the Left for passing the buck.

Durham, N.C. CHARLES N. WATSON JR.

A stern and lofty standard. But, faced with that everlasting fog of moral pretentiousness which the Left hangs over its double standard, won't you allow us to make just a little *crack once in a while?* —ED.

GOOD TASTE IS GOOD BUSINESS

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Chamberlain on Kirk

From the obvious relish with which he depicts the true Russell Kirk, one would surmise that John Chamberlain has long plotted the demythologization of the Master of Mecosta. Unfortunately, in "A Conservatism of Reflection" [Mar. 10], Mr. Chamberlain lets fervor overcome reasonableness and botches the job badly.

Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion that the conservative tradition has been "ground to an atomist pulp" is patently absurd. That it is so, is shown even in the context of the review. Mr. Chamberlain innocently destroys his own case when he says of bohemian Kirk: ". . . his search for places where 'tradition and custom and immemorial usage' prevail is not encouraging to those of us who dislike living in a world of boxy glass skyscrapers. . . " The very fact of the existence of those who "dislike living in a world of boxy glass skyscrapers" is proof not only that "the eternal contract of society" is still valid, but also that John Chamberlain is himself bound up in it. For if the temple is completely destroyed, how could it be that Mr. Chamberlain knows of an altar other than the glass and concrete high places of the neo-pagans?

Let us not misunderstand the nature of society's illness. We are sorely chastised, but we are not yet judged; we are obsessed with evil, but we are not yet possessed of it. For if, as Mr. Chamberlain says, the current tradition is "Liberal all through," then the temple is indeed thrown down, evil rules in the land, and all hope of preservation or revolt is futile.

"Russell Kirk belongs to that blessed tribe that refuses to cry." As long as that tribe persists, what Dr. Kirk has called "the gradual revelation of a supreme design" will continue to decide the fate of man. John Chamberlain is wrong. The Rock still stands—were it not so, neither Mr. Chamberlain nor myself could find Russell Kirk "delightful."

Whittier, Cal. JAMES L. JOHNSON

Huxley on Africa

I am a Nigerian student here at Yale, a junior in Engineering. On reading Elspeth Huxley's article, "Witches' Brew" [Mar. 10] I could only conclude that the author was nothing but an armchair critic. Any reader

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (March 24)

Machiavelli
THE PRINCE

Among other evils caused by being disarmed, it renders you contemptible because there is no comparison whatever between an armed and a disarmed man. It is not reasonable to suppose that one who is armed will obey willingly one who is unarmed.

could easily detect the sarcastic and pessimistic tone forming a background to the article. Surely the American public is not receiving the best of treatments if it is fed such a one-sided argument by a reporter who claims to have had her home for some time in East Africa. Why does Elspeth Huxley strive to blame Communism for every political convulsion in Africa? I can only point out to her that Africans are human beings (whether she wants to believe that or not) and as such have genuine and original aspirations. They are no mere puppets in the hands of Moscow or Washington, and it will be only doing a greater harm if the individuality of the African (no matter in what way it is expressed) is blatantly denied or overlooked by the American press and public.

New Haven, Conn. BASIL UZODINMA IGWE

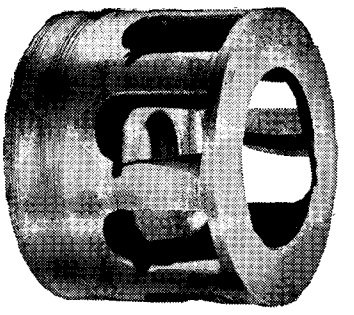
I would like to commend you for your excellent study, "Witches' Brew." Elspeth Huxley's views are right to the point.

Sherbrooke, Canada MICHEL STRUELENS
Director General
International Institute for African Affairs

"Little Boxes"

As a conservative and a folksinger, I think that Mrs. Malvina Reynolds' background has prejudiced you [Mar. 24] against what could be taken as a good conservative song! Are we not, in fact, relegated to our "Little Boxes" by the Liberal vision of a world where all men are equal? It seems to me that the leveling process of the last thirty-two years has built our boxes with dispatch and thoroughness: FDR put up the frames; Harry and Ike built the walls and insulation; and JFK and LBJ have been furnishing them in style! I think Mrs.

another example of Kennametal* USE-VALUE



Kennametal shot blast impeller unit after 11,600 hours use. Cast nickel alloy units lasted only 60 hours.

Kennametal outlasts cast nickel alloy 193 to 1

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THE NUCLEAR TEST BAN TREATY
"I do not vote against the hope of peace, but only against the illusion of it. I do not vote for war, but for the strength to prevent it. . . .
If it means political suicide to vote for my country and against this treaty, then I commit it gladly. It is not my future that concerns me. It is my country—and what my conscience tells me is how best I may serve it."
Speech on Senate Floor
by Senator Barry Goldwater
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Reynolds is in the ironic position of ridiculing the results of her own efforts, as the benevolent Big Brother State makes us all satisfied in our mediocrity. Herbert Hoover called America the country where a man can be *un*common; this is the conservative's fight, not Mrs. Reynolds'. As long as creeping socialism confines us more and more to our "Little Boxes," the more we have to fight against, and this song is by no means as much our enemy as is Mrs. Reynolds herself.

Gambier, Ohio PHIL CERNY

NR was only concerned with the misidentification of Mrs. Reynolds, and agrees that "little boxes," reflecting the Liberal leveling impulse, are anathema to individualists. —ED.

(Continued from p. 277)

mention this, as Mrs. Somerville is currently disguised as a home economics instructor, and the most astounding people ask you to believe it ain't so, and she ain't she.

The situation at Hunter is both an advanced case, in national terms, and a microcosm of Why We Are Losing. We are losing because winning is not allowed. In fact, resisting is not allowed. The ultimate in resistance to the constant leftward push, at Hunter, is a sort of vague malingering which could easily be confused with sheer inertia, and perhaps, in fact, has been. Anything stronger is immediately crushed by that thirty-year-old United Front of Reds and Libs; it has had its vicissitudes, but one thing they close ranks for is the Common Enemy, a conservative American. It becomes apparent that they regard us as a "clear and present danger." From the conservative point of view, that United Front of faces contorted in hatred (because we, of course, are Hate, and may, nay, must, be hated) begins to look extremely suspicious. If America as a whole shakes off the sweet, stupefying propaganda before the Libs succeed in serving us up, apple in mouth, to the hundred-odd MauMaucracies and princely states of the United Nations, in hopes of thus winning the world for themselves . . . that will be the thriller of the century. Meanwhile, the more advanced Libs are all gung-ho for new anti-subversion laws. As one remarked, "I hear Young Americans for Freedom is forming armies in California."

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A likely story	118 65 77 99 106 111 119 132 140 144 187
B. Glancing off	141 198 242 4 43 86 102 108
C. Southernmost extreme of the Northern hemisphere	146 48 78 87 96 100 114
D. A judge on the Isle of Man	158 110 89 224 236 79 238 25
E. Spanish painter (2 wds.)	162 28 123 157 164 171 176
F. Part of hair follicle (hyph.)	173 177 213 218 31 181 202 235 6 9
G. It's only the beginning!	182 11 21 27 44 74 104 148 168 107
H. Ship's galley	196 188 237 14 18 55 64
I. Fortress	166 10 159 39
J. What Voice of America should broadcast (3 wds.)	178 81 94 149 116 190 139 167 151 175 186 56 122 127 161 163
K. Islander who became famous in France	189 241 40 34 124 67 97 130
L. Naive, immature or bilious	209 66 69 83 95
M. Platonic school	232 180 193 248 129 70 105
N. The king's highway in London (2 wds.)	246 117 143 212 165 226 185 121 230
O. Strikebreakers (2 wds.)	23 36 54 134 145 214 244 30 68
P. Only knocks once	24 101 53 71 192 204 215 35 245 32 3
Q. Fluid in membranous labyrinth of the ear	29 203 137 222 183 136 92 98 234
R. Democratic choice for Republican Presidential nomination	37 12 147 247 160 199 217 184 219 239
S. Expensive mount (2 wds.)	109 1 154 205 7 228 73 169 225
T. Nickname of Frank N. Doubleday	93 126 229 42 240 195 208
U. Early American matron	115 243 5 26 63
V. World view	128 51 135 211 156 17 58 72 231 38 113 172 16 191
W. Largest bird	131 59 233 103 50 82 197
X. Arbitrator	41 57 152 85 201 138 170
Y. The real poop (hyph.)	120 133 15 200 61 84 22
Z. A tower	33 80 62 221 91 2
AA. American butterfly	88 60 90 47 207 112 223
BB. Establish	125 220 150 19 216 46 49 75 142
CC. To show zeal or interest (colloq.)	206 194 52 20 155 76 174
DD. On which occasion or account	8 210 153 179 13 45 227

See page 295 for solution of last issue's Trans-o-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, bold lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 S	2 Z	3 P	4 B	5 U	6 F	7 S	8 DD	9 F	10 I	11 G	12 R	13 DD	14 H	15 Y	16 V	17 V
18 H	19BB	20CC	21 G	22 Y	23 O	24 P	25 D	26 U	27 G	28 E	29 Q	30 O	31 F	32 P	33 Z	34 K
35 P	36 O	37 R	38 V	39 I	40 K	41 X	42 T	43 B	44 G	45DD	46BB	47AA	48 C	49BB	50 W	51 V
52CC	53 P	54 O	55 H	56 J	57 X	58 V	59 W	60AA	61 Y	62 Z	63 U	64 H	65 A	66 L	67 K	68 O
69 L	70 M	71 P	72 V	73 S	74 G	75BB	76CC	77 A	78 C	79 D	80 Z	81 J	82 W	83 L	84 Y	85 X
86 B	87 C	88AA	89 D	90AA	91 Z	92 Q	93 T	94 J	95 L	96 C	97 K	98 Q	99 A	100C	101P	102B
103W	104G	105M	106A	107G	108B	109S	110D	111A	112AA	113V	114C	115U	116J	117N	118A	119A
120Y	121N	122J	123E	124K	125BB	126T	127J	128V	129M	130K	131W	132A	133Y	134O	135V	136Q
137Q	138X	139J	140A	141B	142BB	143N	144A	145O	146C	147R	148G	149J	150BB	151J	152X	153DD
154S	155CC	156V	157E	158D	159I	160R	161J	162E	163J	164E	165N	166I	167J	168G	169S	170X
171E	172V	173F	174CC	175J	176C	177F	178J	179DD	180M	181F	182G	183Q	184R	185N	186J	187A
188H	189K	190J	191V	192P	193M	194CC	195T	196H	197W	198B	199R	200Y	201X	202F	203Q	204P
205S	206CC	207AA	208T	209L	210DD	211V	212N	213F	214O	215P	216BB	217R	218F	219R	220BB	221Z
222Q	223AA	224D	225S	226N	227DD	228S	229T	230N	231V	232M	233W	234Q	235F	236D	237H	238D
239R	240T	241K	242B	243U	244O	245P	246N	247R	248M							

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For The Record

Sudden was the word for Pierre Salinger's resignation. Pres. Johnson admits he heard of it only two hours before Salinger made the announcement, but it was not unexpected in Washington. Salinger was close to Bobby Kennedy. There is a distinct coolness between the Attorney General and the President. In recent weeks LBJ has had his aide, Jack Valenti, sit in on Salinger's meetings with White House reporters. . . . Walter Reuther has brushed aside suggestions that the UAW openly support Robert Kennedy's Vice Presidential candidacy. "I can think of nothing more damaging to Kennedy," Reuther told the UAW convention in Atlantic City. . . . Monetary breakdown of New Hampshire election indicates winner Lodge paid approximately one dollar per vote. It cost Goldwater, who ran second, just under four dollars per vote and Harold Stassen, who brought up the rear, 3 bucks per vote, according to their official statements.

Despite new Peking tie, French Government did not hesitate to ban the March issue of Révolution, a slick monthly edited by one-time Communist Jacques-Mansour Verges and reportedly financed by Red China. The March issue, according to French authorities, was an "open call for rebellion" in the French Caribbean islands de Gaulle has just been visiting. . . . In apparent slap at de Gaulle, the Malagasy Republic (Madagascar), a former French colony, has established diplomatic relations with Free China. . . . Brazzaville (ex-French Congo) last week renewed its agreement with South Africa on overfly and landing rights for South African airliners despite pressure from the other Addis Ababa powers.

Amb. Lodge's supporters are telling him he must resign his post and return to the States by April 1 if he wants to make serious bid for nomination. Saigon sources indicate Gen. Khanh would not be sorry to see Lodge go on not unreasonable grounds that a leading contender for GOP nomination can't be on Pres. Johnson's "in" list. . . . Career diplomat Frederick E. Nolting Jr., Lodge's pro-Diem predecessor as ambassador to Saigon, who was eased out unceremoniously last summer, has just announced his resignation from the State Department at age of 52. . . . Watch for a speed-up in attacks on Thomas Mann, LBJ's Asst. Sec. of State for Inter-American Affairs, who is regarded as a hard-nosed anti-Communist. Among his most outspoken Senate critics are ADAers Hubert Humphrey and Wayne Morse. . . . Dr. Linus Pauling's $300,000 libel suit against the St. Louis Globe Democrat went to the jury last week. Verdict: Not a cent.

Punch—Ben Roth Agency

"Believe me, Hell hath no fury like forty-five women scorned!"

Sen. George Aiken of Vt., longtime member of Foreign Relations Committee, warns that revolution could erupt in inflation-happy Brazil this spring. Leftist Pres. Goulart has been trying to ram through governmental reforms that would permit him to rule by decree. . . . In Chile, experts, on analyzing last week's by-election, predict that Salvador Allende may be voted into power in September. Allende heads a Communist-leftist coalition.

Argentina is resorting to draconian measures in its fight against inflation. It has just passed a law which provides that anyone found guilty of causing inflation shall be imprisoned "for a lengthy term."

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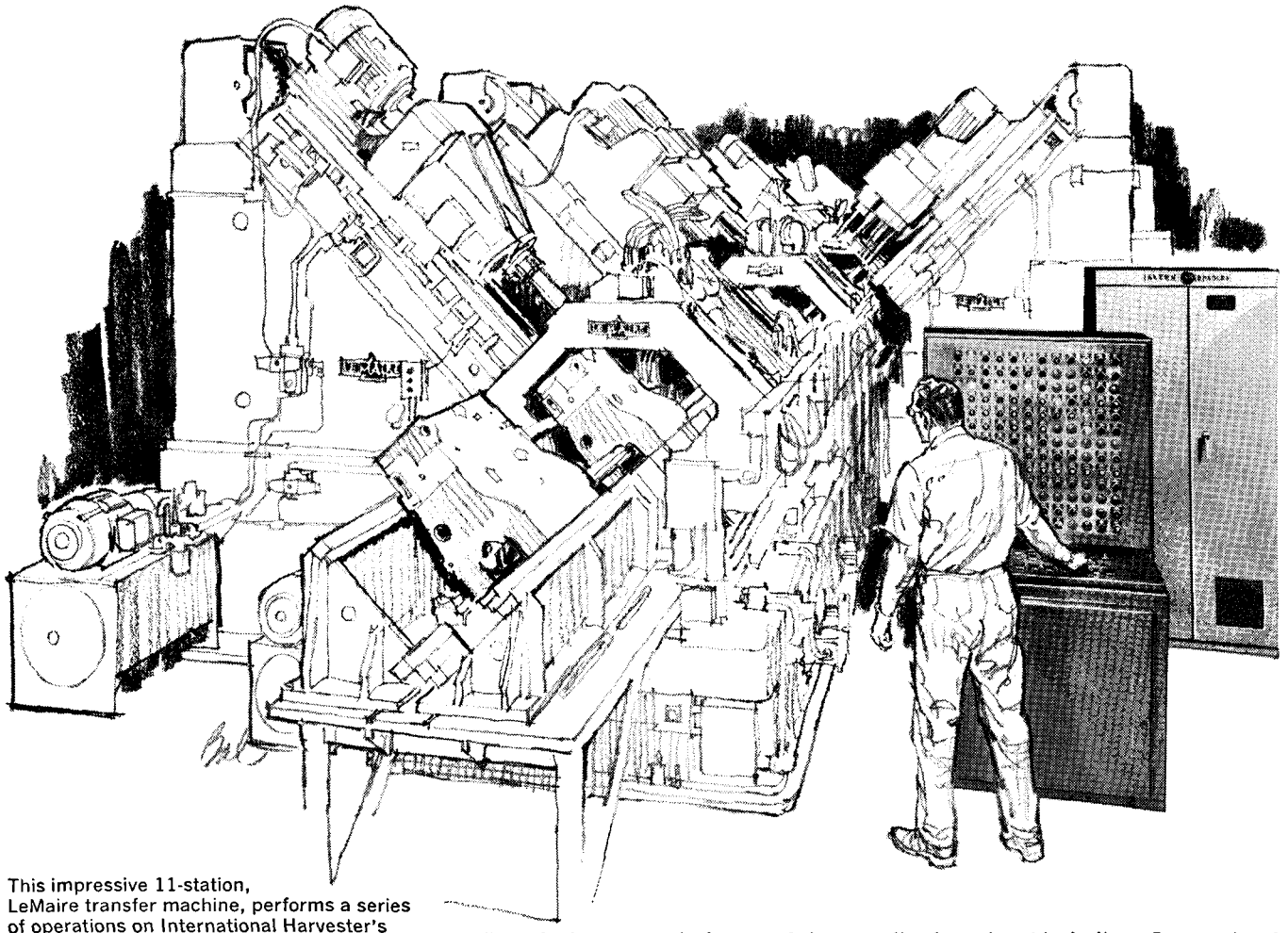
The IH multimillion dollar diesel engine block production line is
***masterminded* by Allen-Bradley numerical controls**



This impressive 11-station, LeMaire transfer machine, performs a series of operations on International Harvester's engine blocks. It and 10 other machines in the line are operated automatically by Allen-Bradley numerical controls.

This is one of the individual control consoles located at each work station throughout the Allen-Bradley numerical control system. This tape controls movement and location of the workpiece, and the operation of the machine.

■ Introducing numerical control into a diesel engine block line, International Harvester's Melrose Park Works took a giant step forward in production machinery. For both machine tool builders and users, this event marked a major development in the transition of numerical control from an individual machine to the correlated production line.

The conventional alternate to the numerical control system would have required some 65 machines—many so specialized they would have been idle much of the time. Changeover time for a different engine model is approximately 25% of that required for a conventional engine block line. Space requirement would have been considerably greater than that used by the numerical control installation.

The cost of this equipment was substantial. Preceded by about 5 years of painstaking investigation in fields that were new, there was little past experience to chart the course for the IH engineers. Every detail had to be studied carefully—and extremely important to the eventual success of the IH engineers' pioneering was the numerical control —the "brains" for the entire production line.

Naturally, Allen-Bradley felt highly honored to have its numerical control system selected, but—this confidence in Allen-Bradley "Quality" was justified. A-B control systems have proven to be reliable and relatively simple.

Allen-Bradley numerical control systems provide the reliability and simplicity necessary to keeping maintenance and downtime low. The heart of these systems is A-B's new Bulletin 1610 dry reed relays with sealed-in-glass contacts—providing complete reliability and almost infinite life.

Naturally, Allen-Bradley can do for you what it has succeeded in doing for International Harvester—and you'll be equally well satisfied. Our staff of experienced engineers will be happy to work with you in connection with any contemplated production modernization problem. Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 S. Third Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

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Heavy traffic was made for this vinyl floor! Architectural Marbles is another Kentile exclusive style in vinyl asbestos tile. Design flows through the entire thickness of every tile, so beauty lasts and lasts. 8 colors, all greaseproof . . . comfortable underfoot . . . easy to maintain . . . and economically priced. Kentile Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors," or consult your architect, decorator, or interior designer.

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